SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

SCUTTLEBUTT

Dear Editors,

Once more, let me congratulate you on another smash hit... your latest addition to the fine line of E.C. magazines... PIRACY. At first I was expecting to find the usual movie screen version of pirates, but like you said in the inside front cover, your book has stripped off the glamour. You have given frank stories of how life really was at sea, and I am one person who really appreciates your efforts at doing so. Your books are so far advanced over all other comic magazines on the newsstands today that I don't see how your competitors stay in business.

William Buckley
Philadelphia, Pa.

...Boy, am I going to enjoy your new magazine, PIRACY. I'm a sea-lover from way back and I've waited a long time for someone to come out with a mag devoted to the sea, ships, plunder and piracy. I see that you've put phrases in the mag as the sailors actually said them, not as they were spelled!

Byron G. Sherman
Fayetteville, N. C.

...Well, you've done it again and again. How many more untopable mags can you put out? PIRACY is the best of the E.C. family. Your art, stories, and nautical terms are excellent. I've been waiting for a mag like PIRACY, and leave it to E.C. to be the first to bring it to the newsstands, as usual.

Bob Blanchette
ECFA 17,911
San Antonio, Texas

...PIRACY is so good, I guarantee your competitors will start copying it.

Terry Owens
N.Y.C.

...PIRACY partly makes up for the loss of Frontline Combat.

Johnny Keiter
ECFA 6197
Kansas City, Mo.

...I never was very interested in sea stories, but now, after the first issue of PIRACY, I guess I'll be reading a lot of them. All I can say is that it looks like you've done it again.

James Chambers
Omaha, Neb.

...It's a wonderful mag... very characteristic of E.C. I notice that in every story you are still using your twist endings.

Douglas Omer Shumate
Charleston, Ark.

...I think it is one of the best books I've ever read. I felt as though I were one of the crew, and everything was happening to me.

Paul Gasper
Jessup, Pa.

...I have never read another mag like it.

Raymond DiGiovanni
Astoria, L. I.

...One of the best magazines of sea stories I have ever read.

Francis Lesseul
Tinly Park, Ill.

...The finest in entertainment caliber.

Ernie Crites
Chicago, Ill.

...A new slant for the comic book industry.

Ronald Dorman
Buffalo, N. Y.

...It is the most exciting comic I have ever read.

Jeff Irving
Leonia, N. J.

...I've seldom enjoyed a comic more.

Eric Johnson
Kenmore, N. Y.

...I really enjoy Reed Crandall's drawing... especially the style he used in "Sea Food."

Ron Wheeler
Detroit, Mich.

...I wish to congratulate Jack Davis on his wonderful art work.

Billy Hoover
Manchester, Tenn.

...I've seen some good comics in my day, but this is the best yet. Man, this is really good. Just the mag I've been looking for.

Gerry Odette
Wyandotte, Mich.

...I'm just writing this letter to congratulate you on producing such a fine comic mag. The stories are authentic, and the vocabulary is most vivid. The illustrations are superb. In other words, I like it.

George Panos
Charleston, S. C.

...I find your PIRACY absolutely tremendous. Most enjoyable are the unexpected endings.

Janet Liebenow
Cummington, Mass.

...I would like to thank you for putting out a magazine with sea stories in it.

Bert Schrivenel
Shreveport, La.

Remember, SCUTTLEBUTT is your column. Let's hear from you! Mail your brick-bats or compliments to:

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225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12

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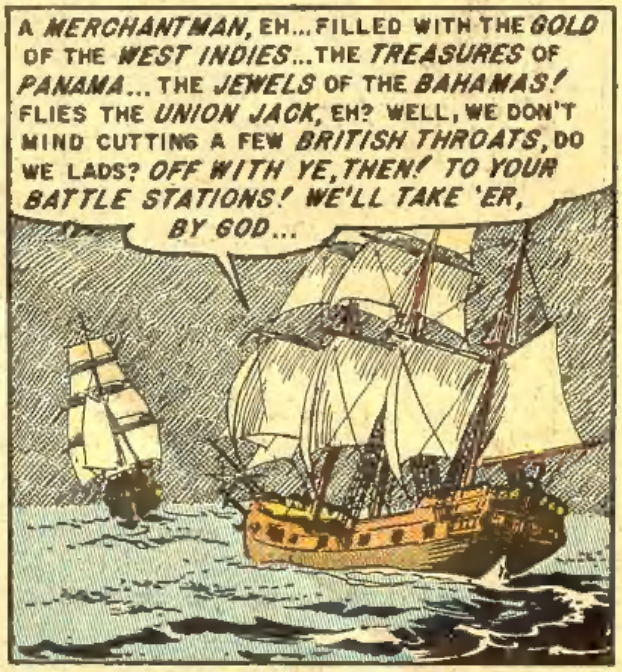
PIRATE MASTER

HE WAS KNOWN AS *SATAN, THE PIRATE... THE TERROR OF THE SPANISH MAIN!* BRAVE MEN BLANCHED, WOMEN SWOONED, AND CHILDREN WAILED AT THE VERY MENTION OF HIS NAME. EVEN HIS OWN CREW FEARED THIS MERCILESS MAN. HE WAS SADISTIC AND BLOOD-THIRSTY... THE CRUELEST BUCCANEER TO HAVE EVER FLOWN THE FAMILIAR JOLLY ROGER. HE STOOD NOW AMONG HIS CUT-THROAT BAND ON THE DECK OF *THE WATER SPRITE*, EYEING THE DISTANT SAILS...



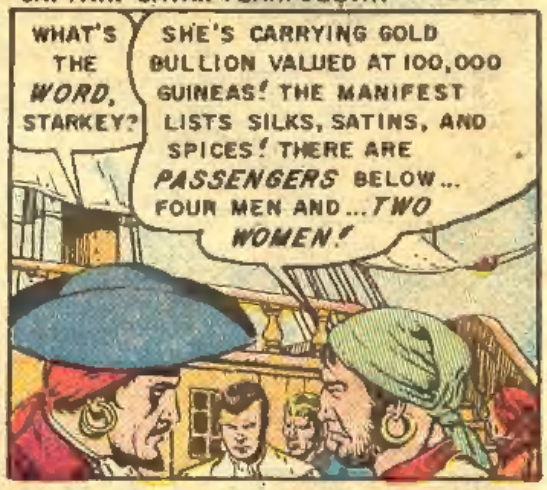
THE HOT LUST OF GREED COURSED THROUGH THE PIRATES, AND EVERY MAN BENT HIS BACK TO THE BLOODY WORK AHEAD. SOON, THE HAPLESS MERCHANT SHIP WAS CHASED DOWN AND FULLY ENGAGED. MURDEROUS VOLLEYS SWEPT HER DECKS AND RIPPED HER RIGGINGS...

FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR, THE BOMBARDMENT CONTINUED... UNTIL *THE WATER SPRITE* WAS MANEUVERED ALONGSIDE THE OUT-GUNNED MERCHANT SHIP, AND A BOARDING PARTY LED BY SATAN HIMSELF RUSHED THE STRICKEN VESSEL...

THE BATTLE WAS HAND TO HAND NOW, WITH CUTLASSES AND DIRKS FLASHING STEEL AGAINST STEEL. THOSE MORTALLY WOUNDED SPILLED BLOOD UPON THE DECKS SO THAT PIRATE AND MERCHANTMAN SLIPPED AND STUMBLED IN THEIR DEATH STRUGGLES...

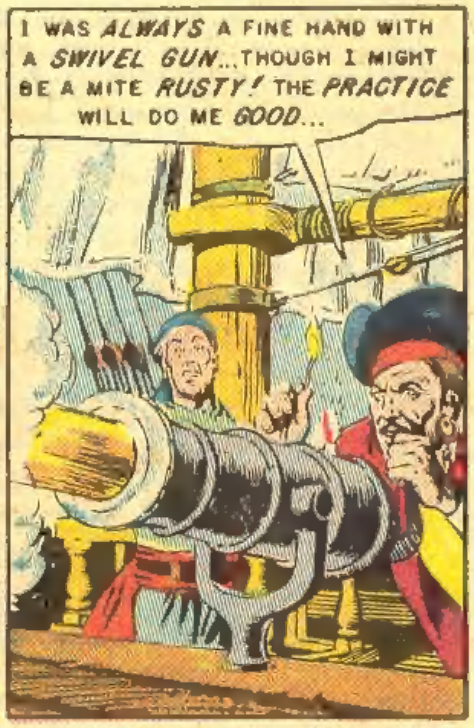
IT WAS SATAN, HIMSELF, WHO RAN HIS SWORD THROUGH THE MERCHANT SHIP'S CAPTAIN, THEREBY BRINGING A HALT TO THE STRUGGLE...

THUS THE BATTLE ENDED... BUT NOT THE CARNAGE. THE HANDFUL OF TERRORIZED SURVIVORS, ALL THAT WAS LEFT ALIVE OF THE MERCHANTMAN'S CREW, EYED CAPTAIN SATAN FEARFULLY...



A SHORT TIME LATER, THE MERCHANT CREWMEN EAGERLY PULLED AWAY FROM THEIR BATTERED SHIP, SCARCELY ABLE TO BELIEVE THEIR GOOD FORTUNE...

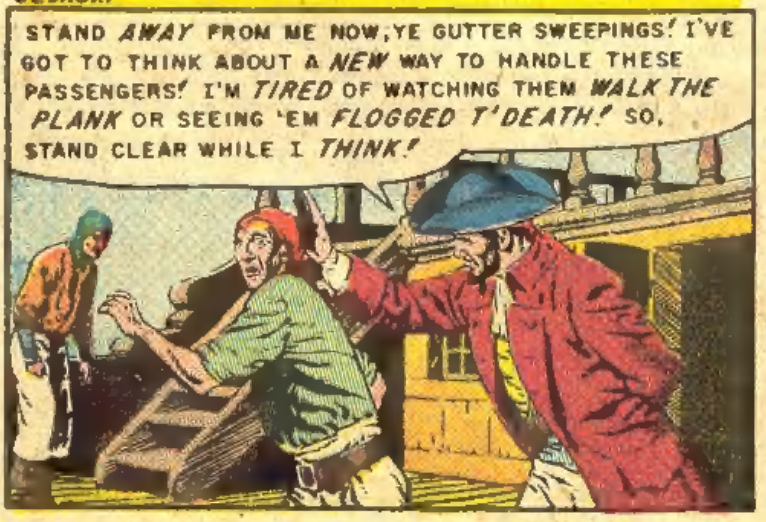
...WHILE ON DECK, CAPTAIN SATAN GRINNED EVILY AND PATTED THE SWIVEL-GUN...



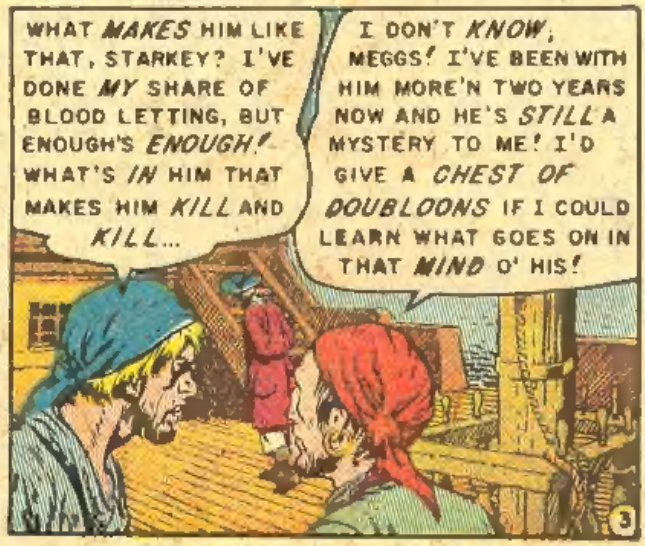
CAPTAIN SATAN'S FIRST SHOT WAS A DIRECT HIT. THE IRON BALL STRUCK THE LONGBOAT BROADSIDE, SPLINTERING IT AND SENDING ITS POOR UNFORTUNATE OCCUPANTS INTO THE SEA...

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN WAS JUBILANT! HIS CREW STARED AT HIM WITH AWE AND FEAR...

SUDDENLY, THE CAPTAIN'S FACE FLUSHED RED. HE GRIMACED AND TURNED TO THE COMPANIONWAY LEADING BELOW DECKS...



THE CREW SHRANK BACK AS THE PIRATE CAPTAIN PACED THE DECK...



STARKEY WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE THAN AMAZED IF HE'D LEARNED WHAT WAS GOING ON IN HIS DOUGHTY CAPTAIN'S MIND AT THAT VERY MINUTE...

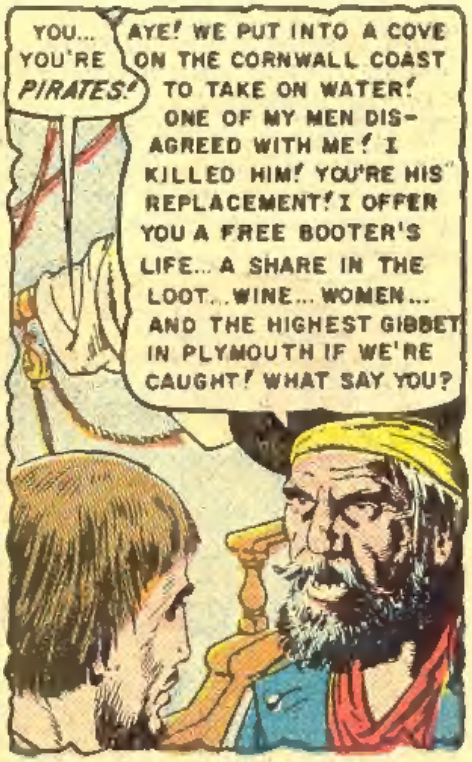
THE PIRATE'S THOUGHTS WENT BACK ALONG THE SEA LANES OF MEMORY TO THE LITTLE VILLAGE IN CORNWALL WHERE HE'D BEEN A BLACKSMITH... LONG BEFORE HE'D EARNED HIS AWESOME REPUTATION OR CHANGED HIS NAME FROM JUNIPER DELL TO THE FEARFUL CAPTAIN SATAN...

OH, THOSE AWFUL YEARS. THE PIRATE CAPTAIN REMEMBERED THEM WITH A SHIVER. VIOLA'S MOTHER, HOW SHE'D BROW-BEATEN HIM, AND HOW HELPLESS AND TERRIFIED HE'D BEEN OF HER...

AND THE PIRATE CAPTAIN REMEMBERED HOW, SEETHING WITH RESENTMENT BUT PARALYZED BY FEAR OF HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW, HE'D RUN FROM HIS HOUSE TO THE DOCKS OF THE NEARBY SEAPORT TOWN WHERE HE'D SMELL THE SEA AIR AND YEARN FOR THE COURAGE TO TAKE A DECISIVE STEP...

AND THE PIRATE CAPTAIN REMEMBERED HOW THE DECISIVE STEP WAS TAKEN *FOR* HIM...

HE REMEMBERED COMING TO, HOURS LATER, AND FEELING THE ROLLING DECK BELOW HIM AND HEARING THE CREAK OF MASTS AND THE FLAPPING OF CANVAS OVERHEAD...



THE HEN-PECKED EX-BLACKSMITH TOOK TO PIRACY WITH EAGERNESS... SPILLING FORTH ALL OF THE HATE OF HIS PAST LIFE INTO THE VIOLENCE OF HIS NEW-FOUND CAREER. FOR A YEAR OR MORE HE ROVED THE SEAS WITH CATES AND EARNED A REPUTATION FOR CRUELTY AND SADISM UNMATCHED EVEN AMONG THE MURDERERS AND CUT-THROATS THAT FOLLOWED THE SAME PROFESSION...

THEN, AS IT MUST TO ALL MEN, DEATH CAME TO CAPTAIN CATES IN THE FORM OF A CHARGE OF GRAPE SHOT FROM THE CANNON OF A DOOMED SPANISH GALLEON. MORTALLY WOUNDED, HE WAS BROUGHT TO HIS CABIN BY JUNIPER BELL, WHO, BY THEN, HAD ADOPTED THE NAME OF SATAN.

SO CATES DIED AND WAS CONSIGNED TO THE SHARKS, AND THE NEW CAPTAIN ASSEMBLED HIS PIRATE CREW...

CAPTAIN SATAN REMEMBERED HOW ONE OF THE PIRATES HAD STEPPED FORWARD IN PROTEST...

I WAS WITH CATES FOR *TEN YEARS!* I AIN'T TAKING ORDERS FROM NO LANDLUBBER JOHNNY-COME-LATELY!

THAT'S *RIGHT,* HUGO!

...AND HOW HE'D SHOT THE PROTESTER POINT-BLANK...

YOU *CAN'T* VERY WELL... WHEN YOU'RE *DEAD!*

YAA AHHHH!

ANYBODY *ELSE* WANT TO OBJECT TO ME TAKIN' OVER COMMAND OF THIS SHIP?

NOBODY'D MOVED. CAPTAIN SATAN HAD SMILED...

THEN I TAKE IT WE SAIL! ALL RIGHT! *INTO THE RIGGING! UNFURL SAILS! HELMSMAN! HARD 'APORT!*

AYE, AYE, SIR!

THUS SATAN'S CAREER AS PIRATE CAPTAIN HAD BEEN LAUNCHED... A CAREER OF VIOLENCE, TREACHERY, AND MURDER... A CAREER OF CRUELTY AND TERROR. IT WAS AS IF THIS MAN FEARED NO ONE. HIS EVERY ACTION LIVED UP TO THE NAME HE'D CHOSEN. HIS WAS TRULY THE WORK OF A SATANIC FIEND...A DEVIL...

LET NO MAN ON BOARD SURVIVE! STRING 'EM UP BY THEIR THUMBS! KEELHAUL 'EM! MAKE 'EM WALK THE PLANK!

EACH CONQUEST... EACH PIRACY SPELLED A NEW HIGH IN INHUMANITY...

BOOM

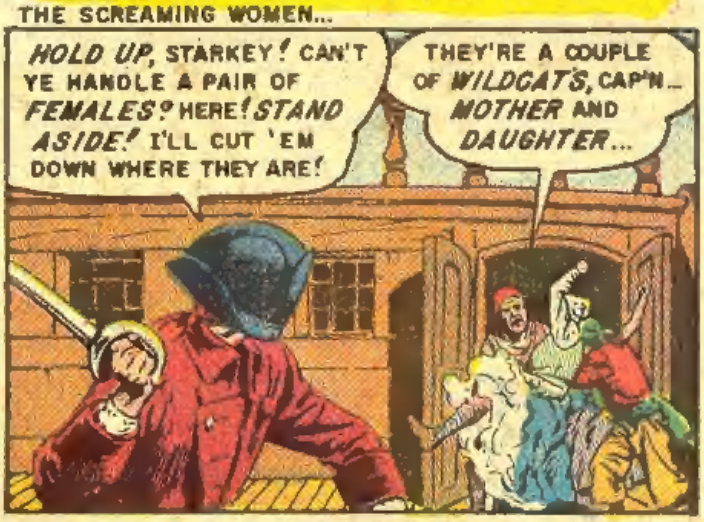
YOU *CHAINED* ALL THE CREW AND PASSENGERS *BELOW DECKS* BEFORE YOU BLEW 'ER, STARKEY?

AYE, SIR... CHOKE...

GOOD! *GOOD!* THEY'LL HAVE *CAUSE* TO FEAR ME! *THE TERROR OF THE SPANISH MAIN* THEY CALL ME! *WAIT!* I'VE JUST *BEGUN!*

YES, CAPTAIN SATAN REMEMBERED IT ALL AS HE STRODE THE DECK. FINALLY THE BLOODTHIRSTY, FEARLESS BUCCANEER MANAGED TO BRING HIS THOUGHTS BACK TO THE BUSINESS AT HAND...

GLEEFULLY ANTICIPATING THE BRUTALITY IN STORE FOR HIS VICTIMS, SATAN WATCHED HIS MATE AND ONE OF HIS CREW STRUGGLE UP THE COMPANIONWAY WITH THE SCREAMING WOMEN...



SUDDENLY THE SCREAMING STOPPED. CAPTAIN SATAN'S FACE BLANCHED WHITE. THE WOMEN TURNED TO FACE THEIR TORMENTOR...

BEHIND HIM, HIS CREW'S LAUGHTER RUNG OUT OVER THE TOSSING SEA. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD SADLY AS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW RAVED ON. THE ONCE-FEARED CAPTAIN SATAN WAS NOTHING MORE THAN AN OBJECT OF RIDICULE NOW. HE WOULD NEVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS MEN AFTER THIS...

THE PIRATES ROARED WITH LAUGHTER AND LEFT THEIR BROKEN AND BROW-BEATEN CAPTAIN ON THE DECK OF THE MERCHANTMAN. THEY LEFT HIM TO A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH. AND AS THE WATER SPRITE SAILED OFF, CAPTAIN SATAN COULD STILL HEAR THEIR LAUGHTER... ECHOING OVER THE WAVES...

THE KING'S BUCCANEER

A boy from an obscure Welsh village visited Bristol, England, in 1653. His name was Henry Morgan and this trip was the greatest adventure of his eighteen year old life. Bristol, with its tall ships, bustling waterfront and colorful sailors who swarmed on the docks, fascinated young Morgan. He listened open-mouthed as the seamen recounted tales of their adventures in far-off places.

No Welsh village could ever please him again, so he signed on a merchant man as a cabin boy and sailed off to the Barbadoes. Morgan soon realized that it was far easier to make one's fortune dishonestly than to work hard as an honest able-bodied seaman. When the ship reached Jamaica, he deserted.

Here, for several years, history does not record what happened to him. He turned up again in the year 1666, when Spain and England were, as usual, at war. The Britishers swore to drive Spanish shipping out of the New World. To do this, certain unscrupulous captains were given letters of marque and commissioned to wage war on Spanish merchantmen. Among the captains thus selected was one Henry Morgan, for the boy from Wales was now the master of his own ship and had earned a very unsavory reputation.

Along with some of the ruggedest sea dogs ever to unfurl a mains'l, Morgan set out to destroy the Spanish galleons. By agreement with the Crown, Morgan had promised to turn over all properties, wealth and prisoners he captured. This was according to the terms set down in the letters of marque. Morgan, however, had no intention of following the rules. He was hired to wage war on Spain and this he did with a will. Turning over his booty was something else again.

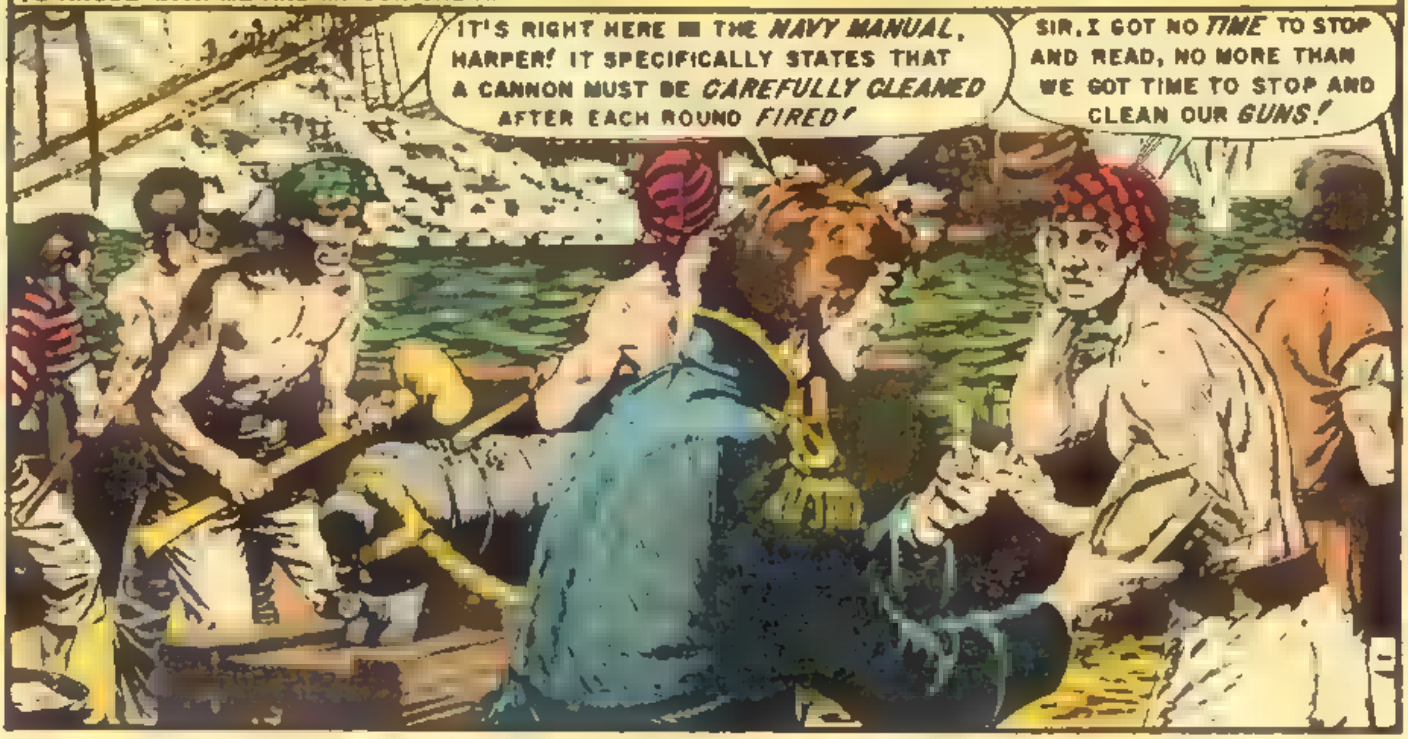
The Spaniards soon learned that Henry Morgan was at work. He raided their settlements, sank their ships, pillaged and looted their storehouses and buried his booty all over the West Indies. His biggest job was the sacking of Panama. In 1671, with a handful of men, he landed at Colon, marched across the Isthmus, cleaned out the treasures of Panama and recrossed the Isthmus again, pausing long enough to bury the treasure somewhere along the route.

After the war, Morgan was knighted for his service to the Crown and as Sir Henry, appointed governor of Jamaica. His administration was corrupt and marked with drunken revels which soon ruined his health so that he was unable to go back and collect his treasures from the places where they were hidden.

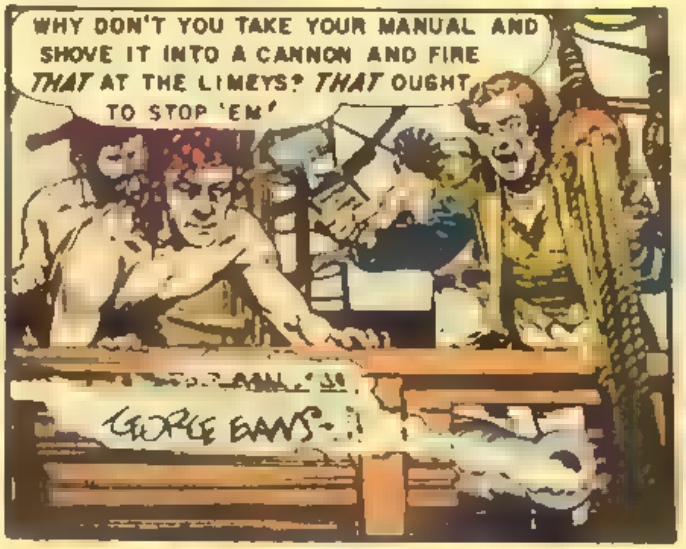
Since Sir Henry Morgan's death in 1688, many eager treasure seekers have dug in hundreds of places along the beaches and in the lush jungles of Panama and throughout the West Indies, but all without success. The treasures' secret hiding spots remained a secret that died with Sir Henry Morgan, the King's Buccaneer, the unquestioned Champion Pirate of them all.

BY THE BOOK

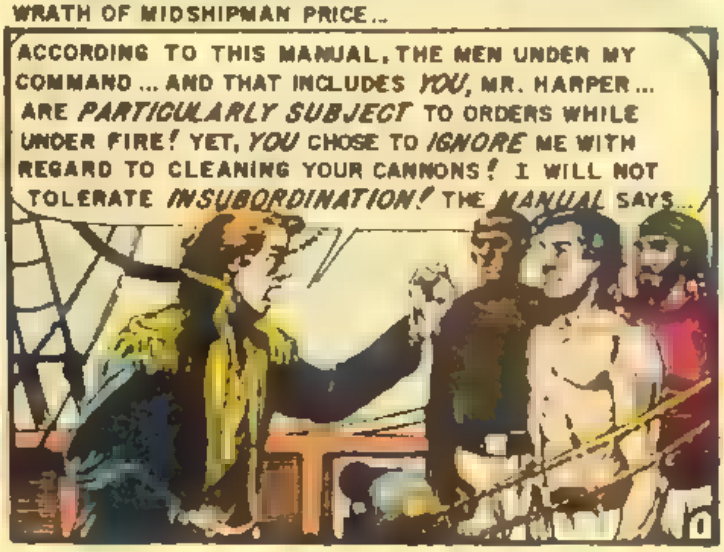
YOU'D THINK THAT OF ALL THE THINGS I'D SEEN AND DONE IN 1812, THE SCRAPS WE'D HAD WITH SOME OF THE BRITISH FIRST-LINE SHIPS WOULD BE WHAT I'D REMEMBER MOST. BUT THEY'RE *NOT!* WHEN I THINK OF THE WAR, I THINK OF *MIDSHIPMAN DAVID PRICE* AND HIS *BOOK*. AND I THINK OF OUR SHIP, THE CORVETTE *TROY*, AND HOW, WHEN WE'D ENGAGED THE LIMEY *MACEDONIAN*, WITH HER FORTY-NINE STARBOARD GUNS THUNDERING AWAY AT US AND TWELVE-POUND IRON BALLS SHRIEKING PAST OUR HEADS, PEAHEAD PRICE PICKED THAT TIME TO ARGUE WITH ME AND MY GUN CREW...



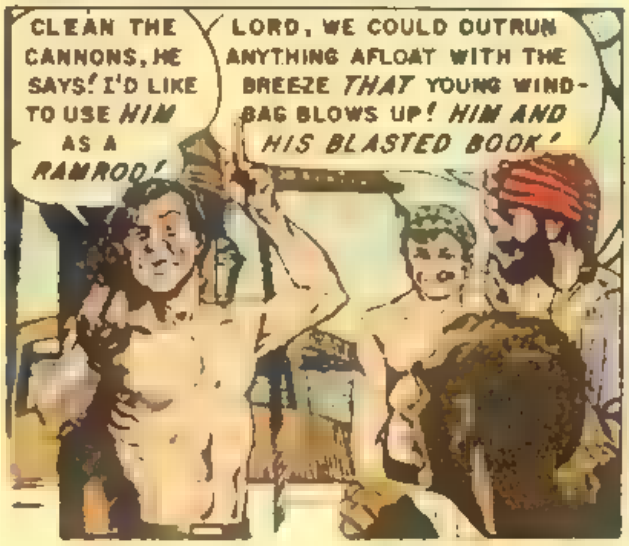
I REMEMBER TURNING BACK TO MY GUNS TO LEND A HAND, MR. PRICE STILL RAVING OVER REGULATIONS IN HIS BOOK, AND ME GLAD HE COULDN'T HEAR WHAT I SAID OVER THE BOOMIN' OF THE BATTLE...



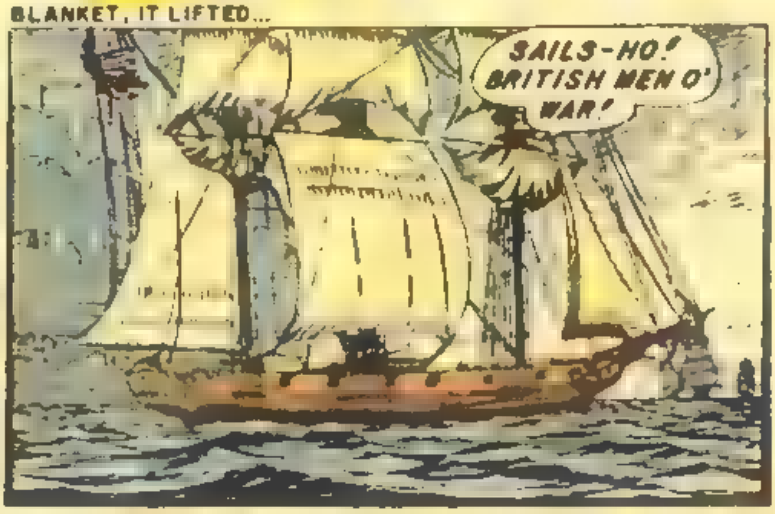
THE TROY, WITH ONLY FIFTEEN GUNS TO THE SIDE, WAS TAKING AN UNMERCIFUL POUNDING FROM *THE MACEDONIAN*, SO WE LIT OUT. BUT I WAS SORRY WE'D QUIT THE FIGHT. I'D HAVE RATHER FACED THE LIMEY CANNONS THAN THE WRATH OF MIDSHIPMAN PRICE...



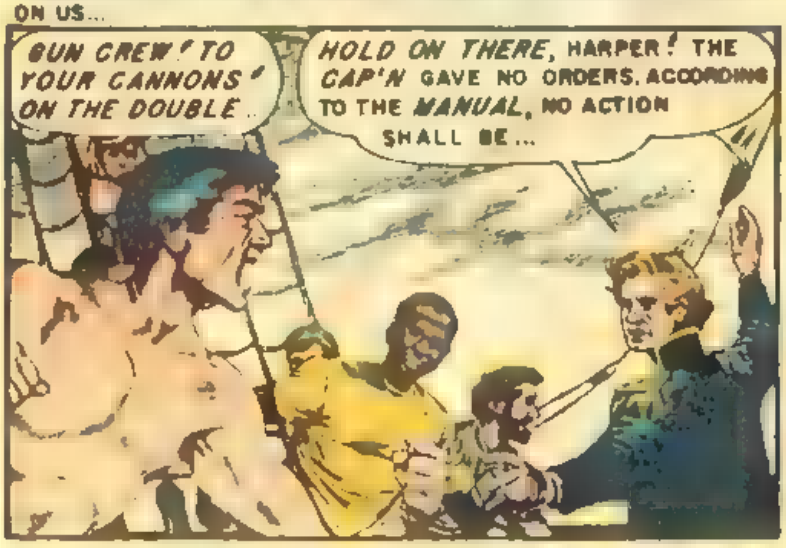
WE ALL LISTENED RESPECTFUL ENOUGH TILL MR. PRICE FINISHED LECTURING US AND LEFT. THEN WE LAUGHED AT HIM...



BUT THE TIME I REMEMBER BEST ABOUT MIDSHIPMAN PRICE AND HIS BOOK WAS JUST AFTER TWO OTHER CORVETTES, *THE QUINCY* AND *THE ADAMS*, JOINED US AT SEA. WE WERE FEELING OUR WAY THROUGH A THICK FOG, WHEN SUDDENLY, LIKE A GREY BLANKET, IT LIFTED...

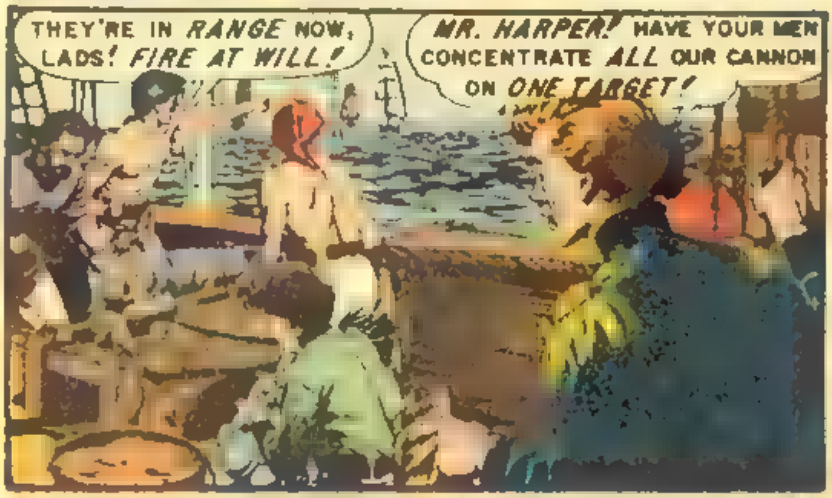


IT WAS THE BIG *MACEDONIAN* AGAIN, THIS TIME FLANKED BY *THE GUERRIÈRE* AND *THE SHANNON*. THE THREE LIMEY SHIPS WERE A BARE QUARTER-LEAGUE AWAY AND BEARING DOWN ON US...



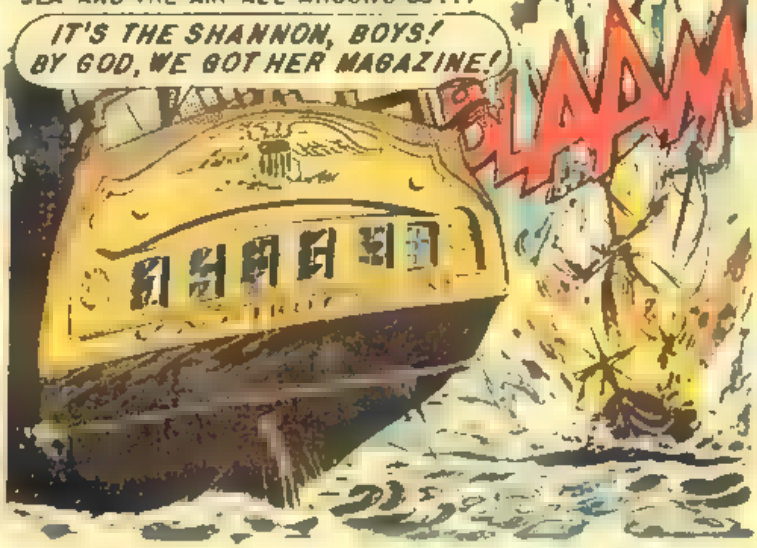
MR. PRICE NEVER FINISHED. THERE WERE PUFFS OF WHITE SMOKE FROM THE BRITISHERS, AND SECONDS LATER, CANNONBALLS WERE SHRIEKING OVERHEAD. CAPTAIN CAMBELL BELLOWED FROM THE BRIDGE...

THE TROY WAS BEING SACRIFICED TO SAVE HER SISTER SHIPS. IT JUST HAD TO BE DONE, I RECKON, SO WE WAITED, LIKE A HELPLESS SPARROW WAITING FOR THREE HAWKS TO POUNCE UPON IT. THE BIG BRITISHERS MOVED CLOSER AND CLOSER, BLASTING AT US ALL THE WAY...

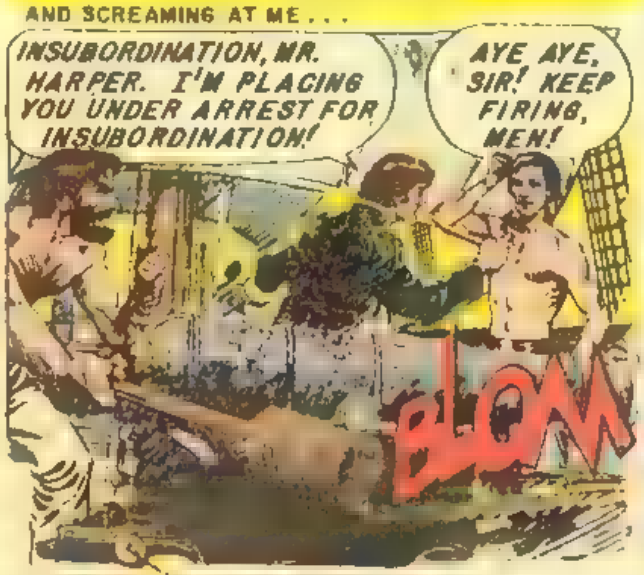


MIDSHIPMAN PRICE HAD BEEN RIDING ME WITH HIS BOOK OF REGULATIONS FROM THE TIME THE ENEMY HAD BEEN SIGHTED. FINALLY, I EXPLODED...

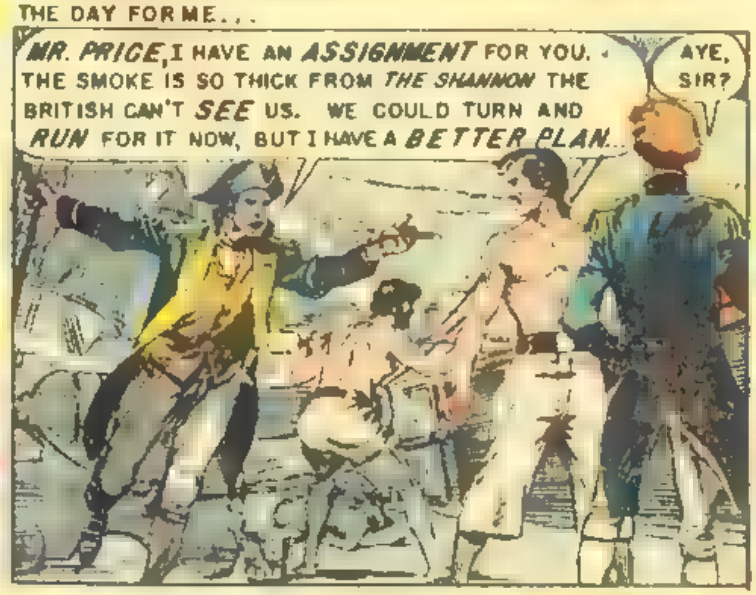
MR. PRICE GOT ALL RED AND FLUSTERED AND STARTED TO DIG INTO HIS BOOK AGAIN, WHEN A MIGHTY BLAST SHOOK THE SEA AND THE AIR ALL AROUND US...



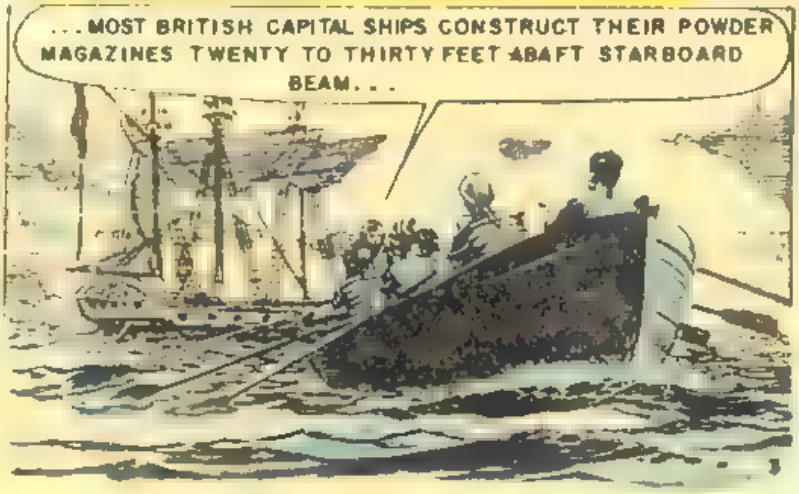
I TURNED TO PRICE, THINKING HE'D BE HAPPY, BUT HE WAS POINTING TO SOMETHING IN HIS BOOK AND SCREAMING AT ME...



JUST THEN, CAPTAIN CAMBELL CAME ALONG AND SAVED THE DAY FOR ME...



ME AND A FEW OF THE BOYS HEARD THE CAPTAIN AND WE DIDN'T WAIT TO BE ASKED. WE HUSTLED INTO THE LONGBOAT WITH MR. PRICE AND LOWERED AWAY. THE MIDSHIPMAN, HE JUST SAT THERE WITH THE MINE ON HIS LAP, SHIVERING, AND STUDYING HIS BLASTED BOOK...



THE MACEDONIAN WAS FIRING BLIND AND THE HEAVY THUNDERING OF HER TWELVE-POUNDERS DIRECTED US STRAIGHT TO HER THROUGH THE BLACK, BILLOWING, CHOKING SMOKE FROM THE EXPLODED *SHANNON*. WE BENT OUR BACKS OVER THE OARS LIKE WE WERE HEADED FOR SHORE LEAVE...

POO POW POO

AND THEN THE COVER OF SMOKE BEGAN TO THIN AND WE COULD SEE THE FLASHES OF THE BRITISHER'S CANNON...

MR. PRICE, SIR... THERE'S A *WIND* BLOWING UP, SHIFTING THE SMOKE *AWAY* FROM US! WE'LL BE *EXPOSED!*

NEVERTHELESS, HARPER, WE'LL GO *ON* TO OUR OBJECTIVE, UNLESS WE'RE *BLOWN* OUT OF THE *WATER*. I'M SURE YOU WON'T FIND IT IN THE *MANUAL* THAT A CHANGE OF *WIND* IS AN EXCUSE FOR A CHANGE IN *ORDERS!*

WE WERE ABOUT FORTY YARDS FROM *THE MACEDONIAN* WHEN THE WIND CLEARED THE SMOKE AWAY. WE WERE LIKE SITTING DUCKS FOR THE LIMEYS WHO SPOTTED US AND OPENED FIRE WITH MUSKETS...

ALL RIGHT, MEN! PUT ABOUT! GO BACK TO 'THE TROY'!

BUT...WHAT ABOUT THE *MINE*, SIR?

MIDSHIPMAN PRICE PUT DOWN HIS BOOK AND THE MINE. THEN HE REMOVED HIS WAISTCOAT AND SHOES...

I'LL SEE ABOUT THE *MINE*, HARPER!

SIR, I'M *BIGGER* THAN YOU ... AND *STRONGER!* AND I'M A *BETTER SWIMMER!* LET *ME* TAKE IT, SIR!

MUSKETBALLS WERE PEPPERING THE WATER AROUND US. WE'D TURNED, SO THAT OUR LONGBOAT WAS BROADSIDE TO *THE MACEDONIAN*. MR. PRICE PICKED UP THE MINE AND PUT ONE LEG OVER THE GUNNEL. I GRABBED HIM...

I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS BOAT, HARPER, AND *I GIVE THE ORDERS!* IF YOU *DON'T LET GO*, I'LL CONSIDER THIS AN *ACT OF MUTINY!* THE MANUAL STATES THAT

TO BLAZES WITH THE MANUAL! COME BACK HERE!

HE CAME BACK ALL RIGHT. HE TURNED AND BUTTED ME, AND I HAD TO LET GO OF HIM TO GRAB WHERE IT HURT...IN MY BELLY...

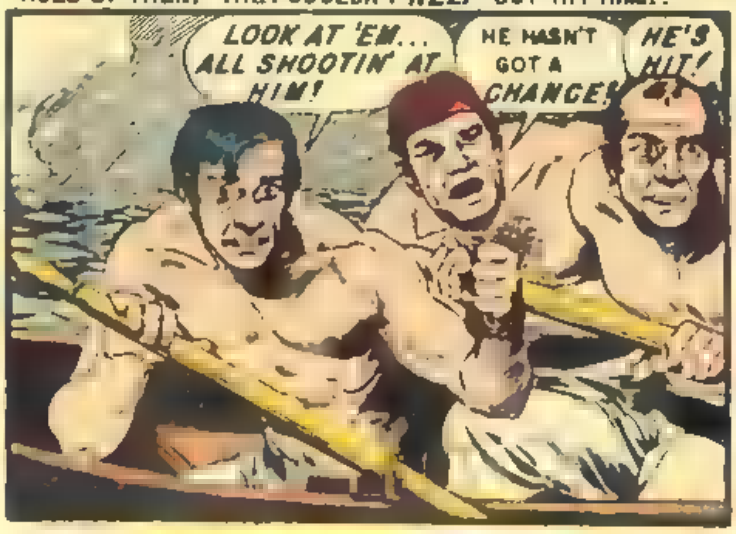
UUUHHH!

THANKS ANYWAY, HARPER!

HE SLIPPED BENEATH THE WAVES AND DISAPPEARED. I THOUGHT HE'D SUNK, HOLDING ON TO THAT HEAVY MINE. BUT HE CAME UP AGAIN ABOUT THIRTY YARDS FROM THE LOOMING BRITISHER...

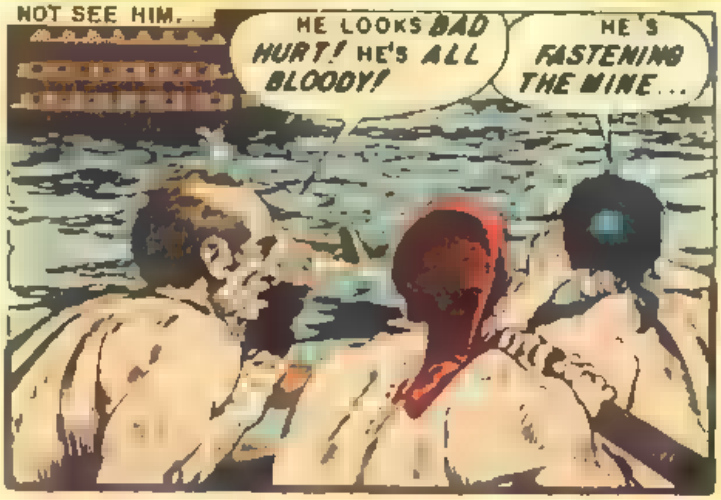
WE STARTED TO ROW BACK TO *THE TROY*. THE LIMEYS SPOTTED MR. PRICE AND THEIR MUSKETS BEGAN RATTLING AND LITTLE GEYSERS STARTED JUMPING UP ALL AROUND HIM, BUT THE BIG GUNS OF *THE MACEDONIAN* WERE SHAKING HER SO, THEY COULDN'T SEEM TO HIT HIM...

SOME SMART OFFICER ON THE BRITISHER MUST'VE REALIZED THIS. HE ORDERED THE GUNS STILLED. MR. PRICE WAS ABOUT TEN YARDS FROM *THE MACEDONIAN'S* HULL BY THEN. THEY COULDN'T *HELP* BUT HIT HIM...

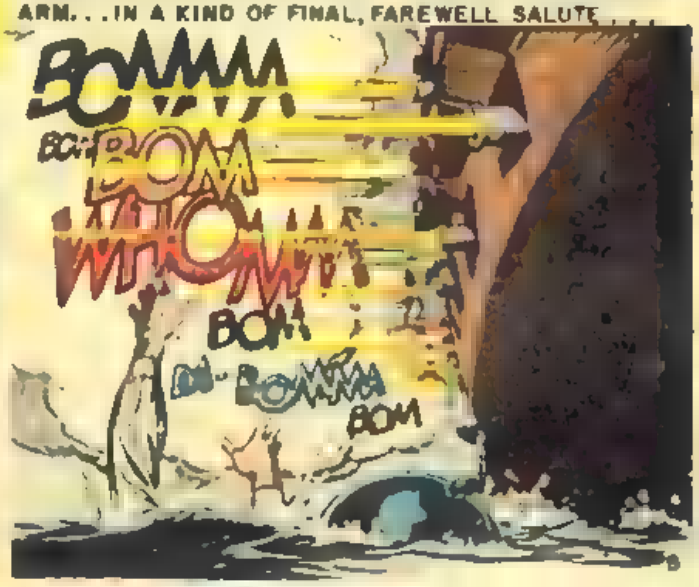


MR. PRICE SANK BENEATH THE WAVES. *THE MACEDONIAN'S* CANNON BEGAN SPITTING FLAME AND IRON AGAIN...

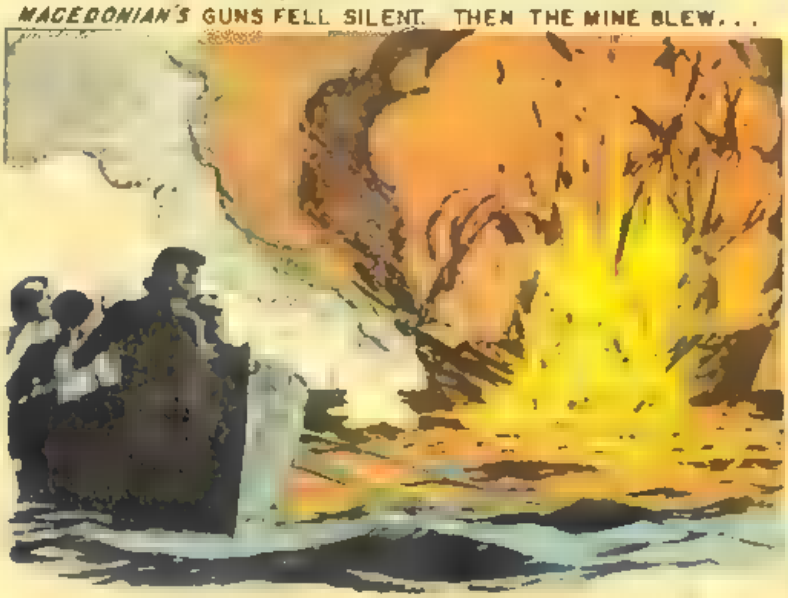
WE'D JUST ABOUT REACHED *THE TROY* WHEN ONE OF MY MEN DROPPED HIS OAR AND POINTED. WE ALL LOOKED AROUND AND CHEERED. MR. PRICE HAD COME UP AGAIN... CLOSE TO THE WATER LINE BENEATH THE UNDERBULGE OF *THE MACEDONIAN*, WHERE THE LIMEYS ON DECK COULD NOT SEE HIM.



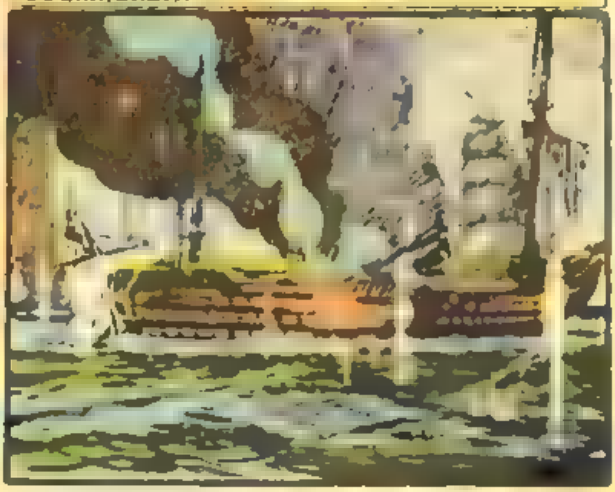
MR. PRICE SET THE MINE AND SLIPPED BENEATH THE CHURNING WAVES. THE LAST THING WE SAW WAS HIS ARM... IN A KIND OF FINAL, FAREWELL SALUTE...



FOR A FEW SECONDS, NOBODY BREATHED. EVEN *THE MACEDONIAN'S* GUNS FELL SILENT. THEN THE MINE BLEW...

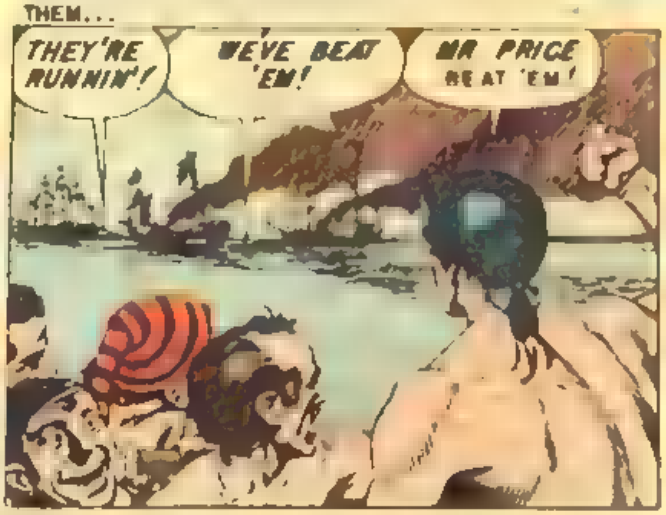


THE MINE BLEW AND IT TOOK POOR MIDSHIPMAN PRICE WITH IT. THE ECHOING ROAR FADED AWAY AND THEN THERE WAS QUIET, EVEN FROM THE SMOKE-BILLOWING *SHANNON* AND THE *GUERRIÈRE*...



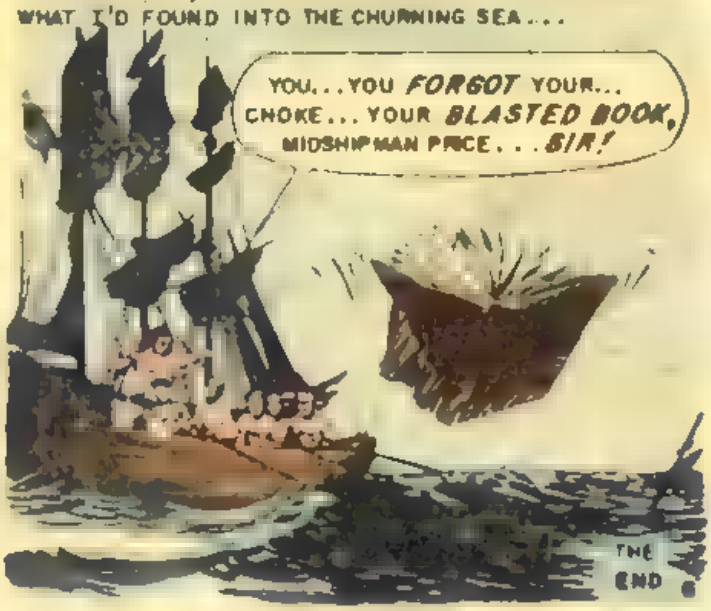
AND WHEN THE AIR CLEARED AND WE WERE BEING HAULED BACK ONTO *THE TROY*, I TURNED AND SAW *THE MACEDONIAN*.

WE WATCHED *THE GUERRIÈRE* MOVE IN TO HELP *THE MACEDONIAN* AND LASH TO HER BATTERED SISTER SHIP AND TAKE HER IN TOW. AND *THE SHANNON*, WITH SMOKE STILL COMING FROM HER HULL, LIMPED AFTER THEM...



BEFORE I CLIMBED OUT OF THE LONGBOAT, I FOUND SOMETHING. I LOOKED UP, AND THOUGH A LOT OF OUR SAILS WERE IN SHREDS, OLD GLORY WAS STILL WAVING THERE... BECAUSE OF *ONE MAN*...

SO I TURNED, FEELING EMPTY INSIDE AND HEAVED WHAT I'D FOUND INTO THE CHURNING SEA...



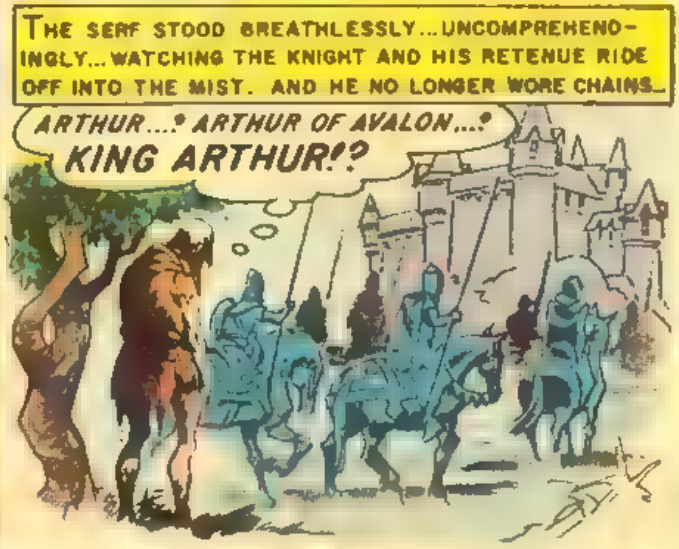
THE END

COMING ATTRACTIONS!

The Roman Arena! The French Revolution! Napoleon!

HERE IS A SCENE FROM ANOTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS...

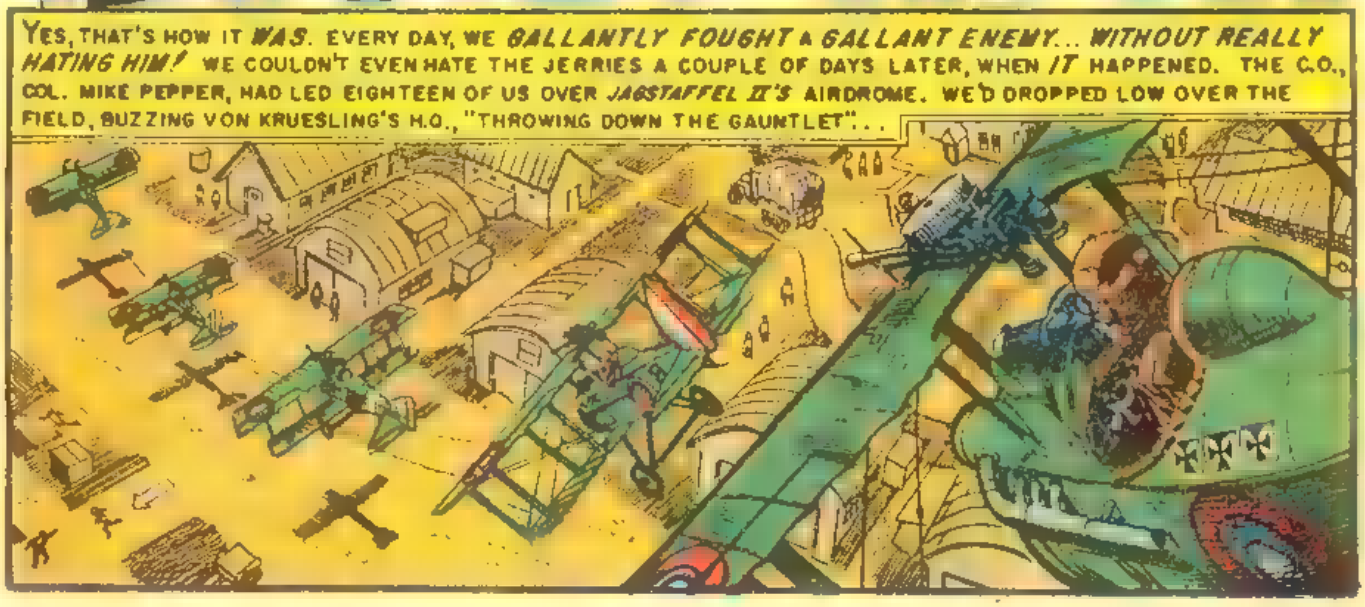
VALOR



SCREAMING ACTION! BLAZING GUNS! EXPLODING FUN!

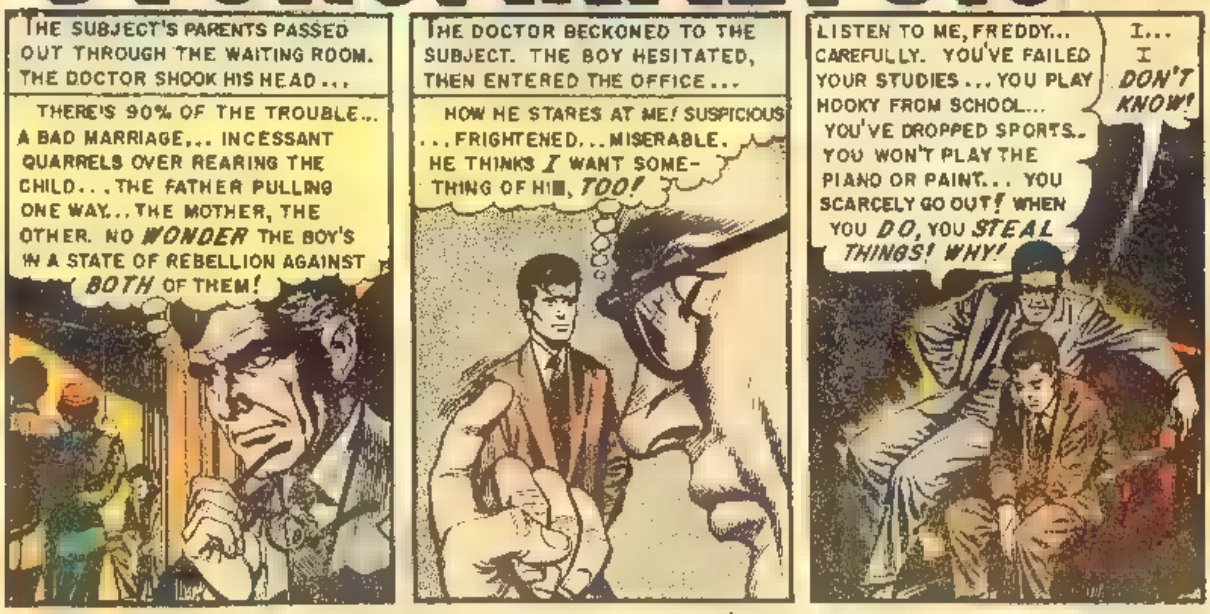
TAKE TO THE COMBAT SKIES IN E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAG...

ACES HIGH



And now, the most revolutionary idea ever presented in comics! Discover the innermost secrets of people searching for peace of mind in E.C.'s "New Direction" mag...

PSYCHOANALYSIS



AS MANY OF YOU KNOW, WE AT E.C. HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK PREPARING A COMPLETELY NEW LINE OF MAGAZINES TO REPLACE THE ONES WE'VE DROPPED! AFTER MUCH HEAD-SCRATCHING, NAIL-BITING, AND BRAIN-RACKING... FOLLOWED BY PLENTY OF PENCILING, INKING, AND EDITING... WE ARE AT LAST READY TO UNVEIL OUR "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES! TO AROUSE YOUR CURIOSITY, WE'VE PRESENTED THIS [illegible]NG IN THE FORM OF COMING ATTRACTIONS! NOW YOU'VE SEEN THEM!

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY AND/OR ALL OF THESE "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS, FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL TO...

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PLEASE SEND ME ■ ISSUES OF THE MAGAZINE(S) I HAVE CHECKED. ■ ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION.

☐ IMPACT ☐ ACES HIGH
☐ VALOR ☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS
☐ EXTRA! ☐ MAD ☐ PANIC ☐ PIRACY

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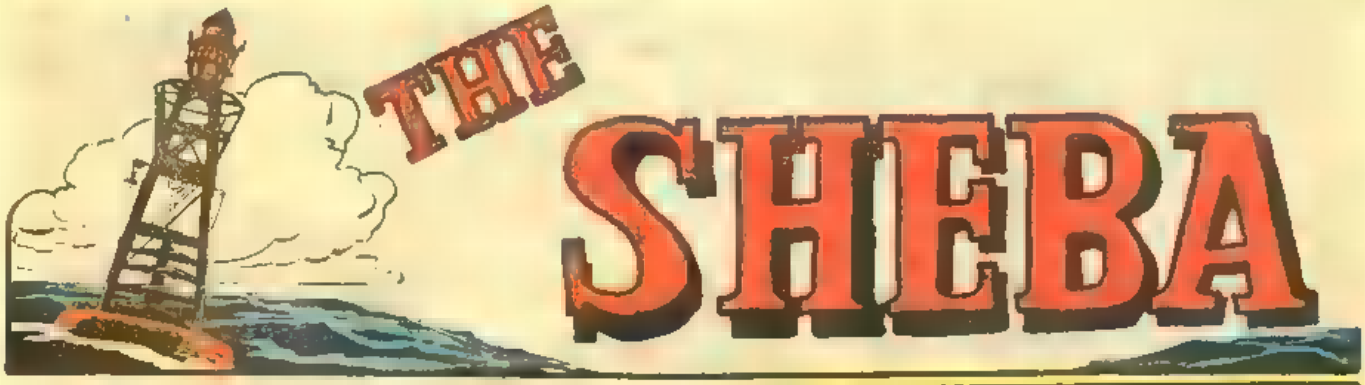
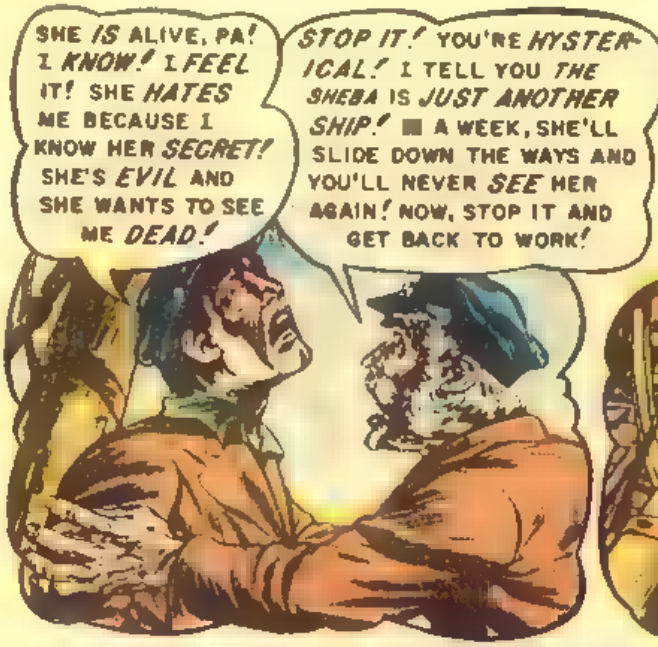


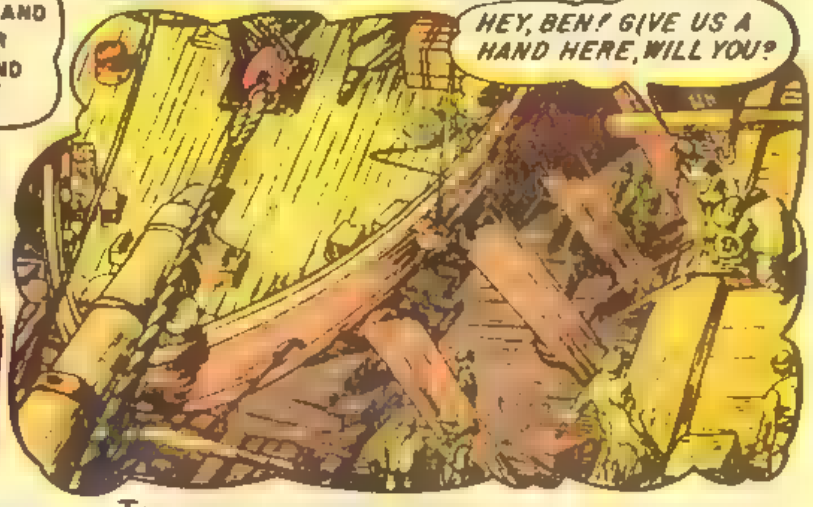
THE SHEBA DIED. I KILLED HER. I SPLIT HER SLEEK HULL ON A LANCE OF CORAL. I BROKE HER TIMBER BONES ON A REEF AND THE TASTE OF VENGEANCE WAS SWEET, SO SWEET. I'D BEATEN HER. IN THE END, I'D FINALLY BEATEN HER. I KNELT THERE, ON THAT TROPIC ISLAND BEACH, AND I GLOATED AND LAUGHED ALOUD WITH THE JOY OF WHAT I'D DONE...

PERHAPS YOU'LL THINK THAT MAD, LAUGHING OVER THE DEATH OF A SHIP. BUT IT WASN'T MADNESS. *THE SHEBA DESERVED* TO DIE... FOR ALL THE HATE SHE'D HELD FOR ME. IT HAD BEEN *HER* LIFE, OR *MINE*... RIGHT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING...

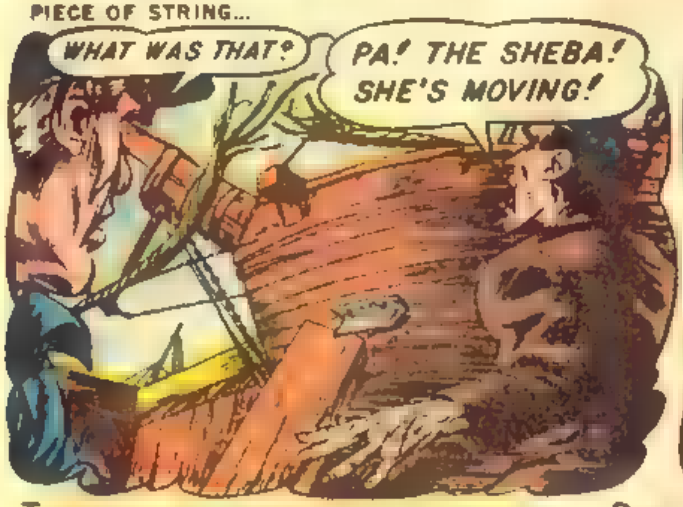
I REMEMBER STILL... MY FATHER... THE SHIPYARD... THE ACCIDENTS. WE'D HELPED TO BUILD *THE SHEBA*, MY FATHER AND I. AND EVEN THEN, I KNEW... I KNEW SHE WAS EVIL...



MY FATHER WAS WRONG ABOUT HER, BUT HOW COULD I PROVE IT? I WENT BACK TO WORK AND A WEEK LATER WE STOOD ON THE WAYS, WAITING TO DRIVE OUT THE TIMBERS THAT WOULD SET *THE SHEBA* FREE...

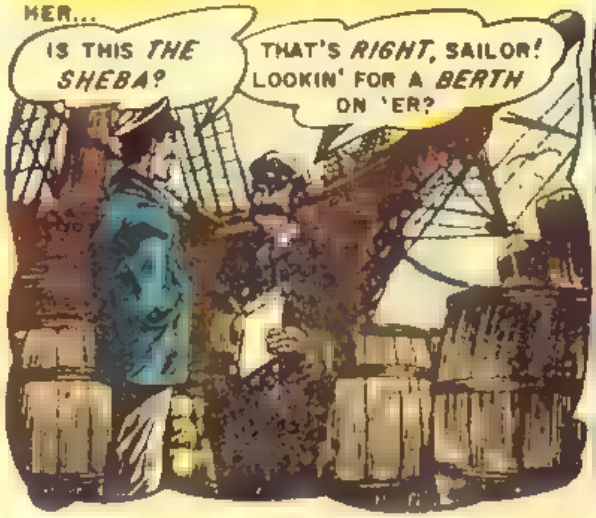


AS I STEPPED FROM THE WAYS, THE AIR WAS SUDDENLY RENT BY A SICKENING REPORT. THE THICK HAWSER, RUNNING FROM *THE SHEBA'S* CAPSTAN, ANCHORING HER FAST, SNAPPED LIKE A CHILD'S PIECE OF STRING...

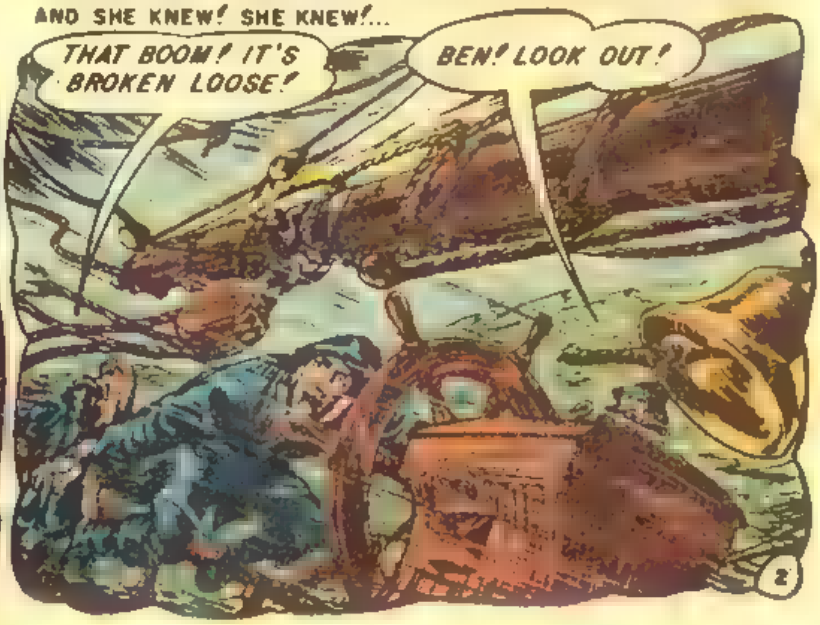


THE SHORING TIMBERS SPLINTERED LIKE MATCHSTICKS AS *THE SHEBA* STARTED DOWN THE WAYS. PA NEVER HAD A CHANCE...

THEY SAID, AFTERWARDS, THAT IT WAS JUST ANOTHER ACCIDENT. BUT IT WASN'T! I KNEW. *THE SHEBA'D* SNAPPED HER HAWSER! *SHE'D* KILLED PA! BECAUSE SHE HATED *ME!* I BURIED HIM. I CRIED, AND THEN I SEARCHED FOR HER...



DON'T YOU SEE? I WASN'T A SAILOR! BUT I COULDN'T LET HER BEAT ME! THAT'S WHY I SIGNED ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE! AND SHE KNEW! SHE KNEW!...



THE CAPTAIN BLAMED THE STORM FOR THAT LOOSE-SWINGING BOOM. BUT IT'D BEEN MEANT FOR ME. I KNEW IT! WE WERE AT WAR, *THE SHEBA* AND I. I WATCHED HER AFTER THAT, FROM BOSTON TO LIVERPOOL, TO THE HORN, I FOUGHT HER. AND SO, I LIVED TO COME HOME...

STRANGE! I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D SIGN *ON*, AGAIN, BEN, AFTER ALL THOSE NARROW ESCAPES! I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T *LIKE THE SHEBA!*

I *DON'T!* BUT I HAVE MY *REASONS*, CAPTAIN!

YES, I HAD MY REASONS. BUT HOW COULD I KNOW WHAT WAS TO COME? I WENT ASHORE... AND I MET IVY. HOW, DOESN'T MATTER. I MET HER... AND THE HARSHNESS OF MY LIFE... THE BROODING AND THE HATE... SEEMED TO MELT AWAY...

I FOUND SWEETNESS AND GENTLENESS IN IVY. ONE DAY I HELD MY BRIDE IN MY ARMS. I CARRIED HER ACROSS A THRESHOLD AND *THE SHEBA* WAS FAR FROM MY THOUGHTS. FROM MINE... BUT NOT FROM IVY'S...

DARLING, THOSE ARE *TEARS* IN YOUR EYES! YOU'RE *CRYING! WHY?*

BECAUSE, BEN... WE HAVE SO LITTLE *TIME!*

MUST YOU GO, BEN? *MUST YOU SAIL?*

YES, I MUST! I... I DON'T *WANT* TO, NOW... BUT I *MUST!*

OH, THEY WERE SWEET, THOSE DAYS WITH IVY. BUT THEY ENDED SO QUICKLY. TOO SOON, I STOOD ON *THE SHEBA'S* DECK, AND I HEARD THE CAPTAIN SHOUT HIS ORDERS, AND I SAW THE SAILS SHEETED FULL, AND I SAILED FROM MY BRIDE...

I'LL COME BACK, IVY! I'LL *BEAT HER* AND I'LL *COME BACK!* I... I *PROMISE!*

I WAS THINKING OF IVY AND NOT WATCHING *THE SHEBA*. SHE CAUGHT ME OFF-GUARD...

BEN! THE DEADEYE LINES! GET OUT OF THE WAY!

SHE'D FILLED HER SAILS WITH WIND. SHE'D STRAINED AT HER RATLINES. SHE'D TORN THE DEADEYES LOOSE, SWINGING ONE OF THEM AT ME. I MOVED... TOO LATE...

GNNNNNNNNNGHHH!

THE DEADEYE SPLIT MY HEAD OPEN, BUT I LIVED. AND AFTER THAT I BORE THE SCAR OF *THE SHEBA'S* HATE UPON MY BROW. SHE'D HUNTED ME AND STRUCK, BUT I'D LIVED. AND NOW I FEARED HER. SHE WAS STRONGER THAN I, AND I WAS AFRAID SHE'D WIN A FINAL VICTORY IN THE END. FOR MONTHS I LIVED WITH THAT FEAR, UNTIL MY NERVES COULD STAND NO MORE...

NO! SHE WON'T KILL ME! I WON'T LET HER KILL ME!

ONE DAY, IN MY DELIRIUM, I RACED FROM THE FO'C'SLE, SCREAMING MY FEAR OF HER...

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HER!

HE'S *DAFT!* HE HASN'T BEEN THE *SAME* SINCE HE GOT HIS SKULL CRACKED! *STOP HIM!* HE'S AFTER THE *LONGBOAT!*

STRONG ARMS SEIZED ME... HELD ME... AND I SHRIEKED IN MY TERROR...

LET ME GO, YOU FOOLS! LET ME GO! SHE'LL KILL ME IF I DON'T GET AWAY! SHE HATES ME! LET ME GO!

HE'S OUT OF HIS *MIND!* TAKE HIM TO THE *LAZARET!*

THE CAPTAIN OF *THE SHEBA* WASN'T A CRUEL MAN. HE HAD NO CHOICE. FOR THREE TORTUROUS WEEKS, I SWEATED IN THE DANK DARK RAT-HOLE THAT WAS THE LAZARET. I SWORE... I THREATENED... I SCREAMED... UNTIL I COULD SCREAM NO MORE...

POOR DEVIL! HE SEEMS QUIET ENOUGH NOW! GET HIM OUT OF THERE!

AYE, SIR...

BEN! BEN, CAN YOU *HEAR* ME!? WE'RE GOING TO PUT YOU *ASHORE!* YOU NEED *REST*... *QUIET*. THERE'S AN ISLAND OFF STARBOARD. DO YOU *UNDERSTAND?* I KNOW THE *TRADER* THERE. HE'LL TAKE *CARE* OF YOU UNTIL YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO TAKE A SHIP HOME.

I UNDERSTOOD. BUT I DIDN'T ANSWER. I COULD HEAR *THE SHEBA* CHUCKLING... LAUGHING... EVEN AFTER THEY TOOK ME ASHORE...

THAT'S THE *STORY*, McGREGOR! HE'S *SICK!* WILL YOU TAKE *CARE* OF HIM?

AYE, THAT I WILL, POOR LAD. HE'LL BE COMPANY TILL THE NEXT SHIP PUTS IN!

THEY LEFT ME, AND I WATCHED *THE SHEBA* SAIL AWAY TRIUMPHANTLY. BUT SHE HADN'T WON. NOT YET. I WAS ALIVE... SAFE. AND SOON, I'D BE GOING HOME. SHE HADN'T BEATEN ME...

SEVEN WEEKS AND *STILL* NO SIGN OF A SHIP, McGREGOR! *WHY?*

I WISH I *KNEW*, LADDY! *THE 'LIZABETH* WAS DUE LAST WEEK. PERHAPS THE *TYPHOONS* DELAYED HER.

THE ELIZABETH HAD FOUNDERED! I KNEW. *THE SHEBA* HAD BEATEN ME AGAIN. AFTER THAT, I PROWLED THE BEACH...SEARCHING...PRAYING FOR A SAIL. THE WEEKS WERE ONE LONG ENDLESS NIGHTMARE OF LONELINESS...

IVY...IVY...

HOW CAN I DESCRIBE THE TORMENT... THE LONGING...THE EMPTINESS I KNEW? I WAITED. I ENDURED. FOR THREE HOPELESS MONTHS. BUT ■ THE END, I WON! ■ THE END, I EVEN BEAT *THE SHEBA*...

BEN! SAILS! LOOK! TWO SHIPS! ONE OF 'EM'S *THE SHEBA!* I'D KNOW HER *ANYWHERE!*

THE SHEBA! SHE'S COME BACK?!

THAT'S *RIGHT*, LAD. AND THE OTHER'S *THE 'LIZBETH!* THEY'VE BOTH DROPPED ANCHOR OUTSIDE THE REEF T' WAIT TILL THE MORNING TIDE. TOMORROW, YOU'LL BE ON YOUR WAY *HOME!*

AT LAST!

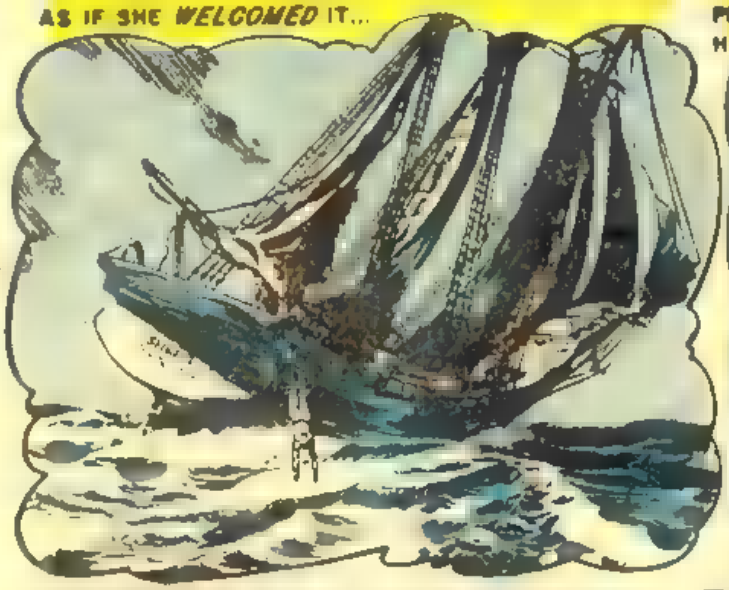
THEY LAY AT ANCHOR ALL NIGHT OUTSIDE THE TREACHEROUS REEF. TWO SHIPS. ONE TO TAKE ME HOME. AND ONE TO WREAK VENGEANCE UPON! WHAT I DID, I HAD TO DO! I HAD TO BEAT HER! FINALLY! IRREVOCABLY!...

I SWAM OUT TO *THE SHEBA*, CLIMBED ABOARD HER, AND SILENCED HER WATCH...

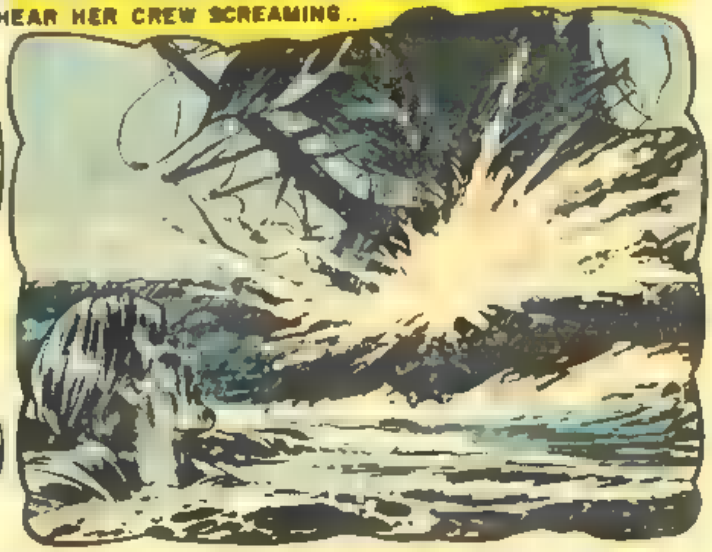
THEN, I HACKED HER ANCHOR HAWSER IN TWO... SETTING HER ADRIFT...

PERHAPS I *WAS* A LITTLE MAD! BUT IF I WAS, *THE SHEBA* HAD MADE ME MAD! THE INSHORE CURRENT WAS STRONG. I TOOK THE WHEEL TRIUMPHANTLY. *THE SHEBA* LEAPED FORWARD...TOWARD THE REEF... TOWARD HER DEATH...

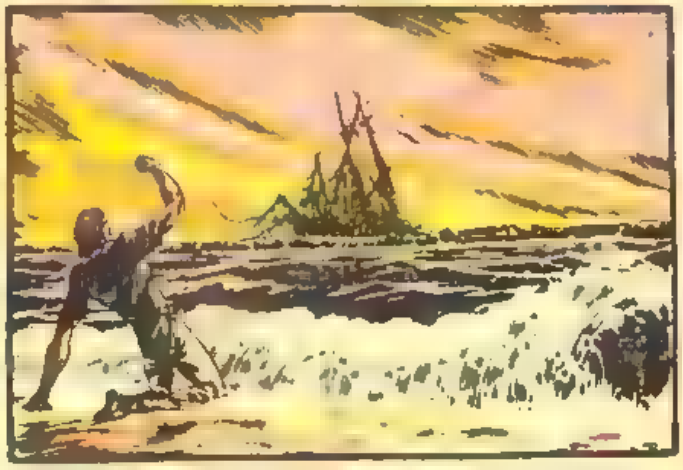
SHE DIDN'T EVEN FIGHT ME. SHE DIDN'T YAW. SHE WENT ON... AS IF SHE *KNEW* THAT IT WAS THE END... AS IF SHE *WELCOMED* IT...



SHE HIT THE REEF ANGRILY, COUGHING AND GROANING... HER MASTS AND SPARS SNAPPING AND TUMBLING...HER PLANKING SPLINTERING. AND INSIDE HER, I COULD HEAR HER CREW SCREAMING..

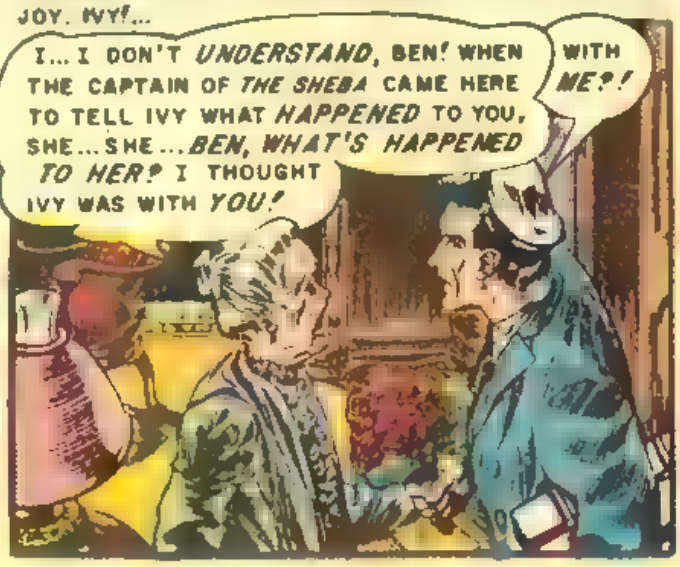


THE SHEBA DIED, SIGHING, AS THE SEA POURED INTO HER. AND SO, I KNELT THERE ON THAT TROPIC ISLAND BEACH, AND I GLOATED AND LAUGHED ALOUD WITH THE JOY OF WHAT I'D DONE. I'D *FINALLY BEATEN HER!*

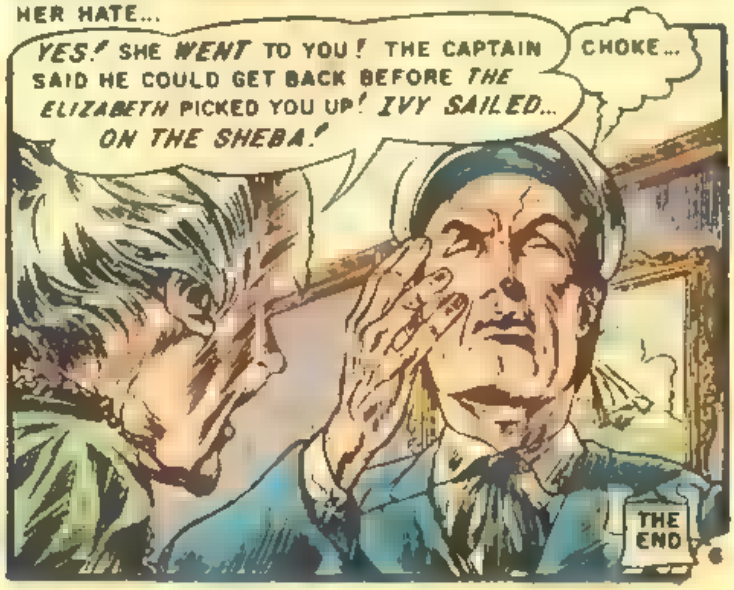


THEY FOUND NO CORPSES IN THE MORNING. *THE SHEBA*, EVIL TO THE END, HAD GIVEN UP NO SURVIVORS. I REGRETTED THAT. BUT NOW SHE WAS GONE...DESTROYED AT LAST. WHAT HAD TO BE, HAD TO BE. YOU SEE THAT, DON'T YOU? NOW I COULD FIND PEACE...AND HAPPINESS..

THE ELIZABETH TOOK ME HOME. AND ALL THE WAY, I LAUGHED INSIDE. I THOUGHT OF *THE SHEBA* AND HUGGED THE JOY OF MY VICTORY. AND THEN THE DAY CAME AT LAST WHEN I WENT TO FIND ANOTHER JOY. IVY!...



A CHILL WIND TOUCHED ME. I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED HOW THE SHEBA HAD THROWN HERSELF ON THE REEF...SO WILLINGLY. I SUDDENLY FELT THE FULL MEASURE OF HER HATE...



INHERITANCE

THE WAR FRIGATE *BON ST. LOUIS*, HAVING COMPLETED A LONG TEDIOUS TOUR OF DUTY IN THE NEW WORLD, WAS RETURNING TO FRANCE. ONE FALL DAY IN 1789, THE CREW WAS ASSEMBLED ON DECK TO WITNESS A LASHING. DISCONTENT AND UNREST HUNG HEAVY OVER THE SHIP. THE LASH FELL, AND ALL ON BOARD WINCED AT ITS CRACK. THE FRIGATE'S CAPTAIN, COUNT CHARLES DEVIGNY, NODDED AND THE LASH FELL AGAIN. ON THE QUARTER DECK, EMILE DEVIGNY, THE COUNT'S BROTHER SMIRKED...

THE *BEAST!* LOOK HOW HE *TREATS* THE CREW! LIKE *ANIMALS!*

YOUR BROTHER IS *NO* DIFFERENT FROM ANY *OTHER* COMMANDER! *EVERY* OFFICER, INCLUDING *YOURSELF*, LIEUTENANT, IS AN *ARISTOCRAT*... AND EVERY ARISTOCRAT WALKS OVER US AS IF WE WERE *DIRT!*

B. Krigstein

EMILE DEVIGNY TURNED, GRIM-FACED, TO THE SAILOR WHO HAD SPOKEN. BEYOND, THE CRACK OF THE LASH ECHOED THROUGH THE SEA AIR...

NOT I, SARTRE! CALL ME A SENTIMENTAL FOOL... CALL ME AN IDIOT... BUT I *FEEL* SOMETHING... HERE... IN MY HEART... FOR THE COMMON MAN!

THEN YOU ARE THE *ONLY* ARISTOCRAT IN FRANCE WITH SUCH FEELING! THOSE *WE* KNOW DO NOT CARE IF THE LIKES OF US LIVE OR DIE!

SARTRE, YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH, FOR WHO BETTER THAN I KNOW WHAT THE PRIVILEGED FEW *FEEL* FOR THE CANAILLE. WE CAN *NEVER* BE PUNISHED ENOUGH FOR OUR SINS AGAINST YOU!

IF ONLY YOUR BROTHER, THE COUNT, FELT AS *YOU* DO, LIFE ON THIS SHIP WOULDN'T BE THE *NIGHTMARE* IT IS!

THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF THE LASHING SAGGED, UNCONSCIOUS. THE COUNT HELD UP HIS HAND...

AS IF THINGS WERE NOT BAD ENOUGH! LATELY, YOUR BROTHER ACTS LIKE A *MADMAN!* HIS TREATMENT OF US IS *UNBEARABLE!*

HOLD YOUR LASH! HE'S FAINTED! CUT HIM DOWN AND THROW HIM INTO THE BRIG!

THE UNCONSCIOUS SAILOR WAS CUT FROM THE MAST AND DRAGGED BELOW...

YOU'RE *RIGHT!* THIS *IS* BARBARIC! I KNOW THAT SEVERITY AND DISCIPLINE ARE THE *RULE* IN OUR NAVY, BUT MY BROTHER CARRIES IT *TOO FAR!* I WILL *SPEAK* TO HIM!

IT WILL DO *NO GOOD*, LIEUTENANT! YOUR BROTHER LISTENS TO *NO* COUNSEL BUT HIS *OWN!*

THAT EVENING, IN THE COUNT'S QUARTERS...

WELL, EMILE? I SAW YOU WHISPERING WITH THE CREW. HAS MY LESSON FOR TODAY SUNK IN?

SORRY, DEAR BROTHER. YOU LEFT THEM UNIMPRESSED! THEY SPEAK *FRANKLY* WITH ME! THEY THINK I AM THEIR *FRIEND!* THE *IDIOTS!*

BUT *SOMEONE* HAS TO SPY AMONG THEM, EH, CHARLES? *SOMEONE* HAS TO KNOW WHAT THE PIGS ARE *THINKING!* FRANCE IS A FERMENT! WHAT IS THIS FRIGATE BUT A FLOATING PIECE OF HIS MAJESTY'S REALM? THE HIERARCHY IS THE SAME! A *TYRANT*... LIKE *YOU*... AT ITS *HEAD*...

PUT THAT WINE DOWN, SCUM! IT'S *MINE!*

CHARLES! I AM YOUR *BROTHER!* CAN I NOT DRINK WHAT *YOU* DRINK?

NO! I AM THE COUNT! THE TITLE IS MINE! THE RICHES ARE MINE! YOU ARE NOTHING! A NOBODY! A MERE LIEUTENANT UNDER MY COMMAND! I COULD HAVE YOU LASHED IF I LIKE! EVEN *EXECUTED!*

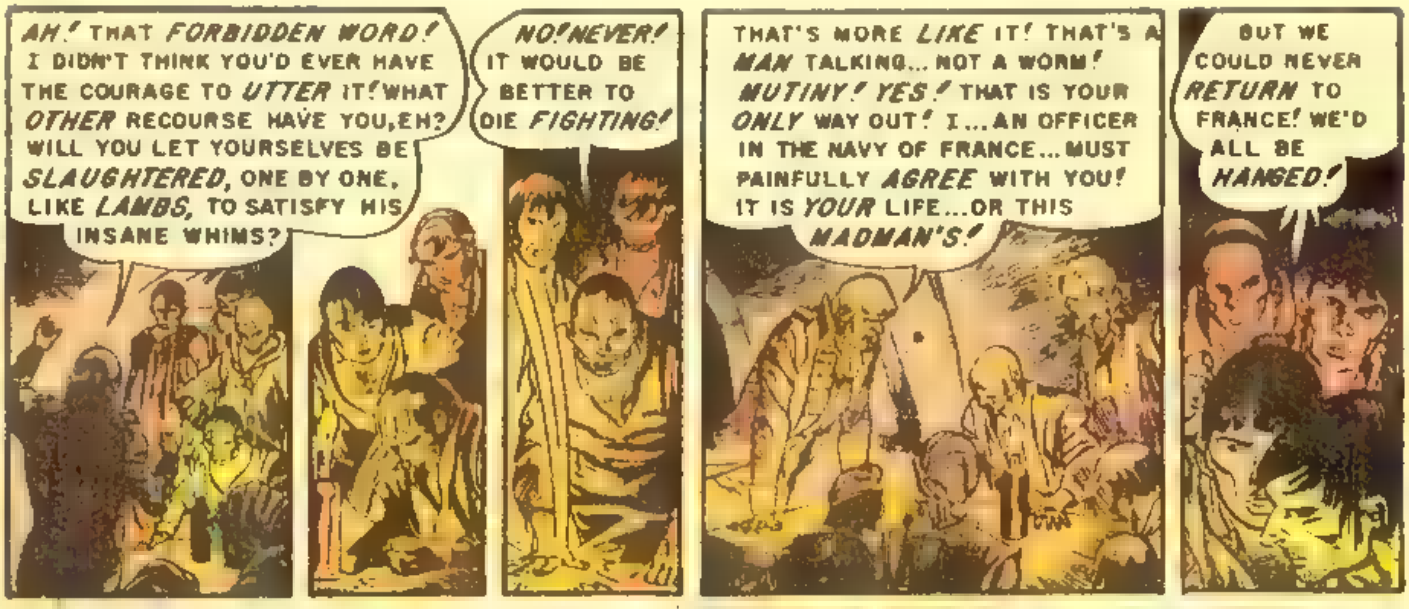
ABOARD THIS SHIP I HAVE AS MUCH POWER AS *LOUIS HIMSELF!* I AM ABSOLUTE RULER. NEVER *FORGET* THAT, EMILE!

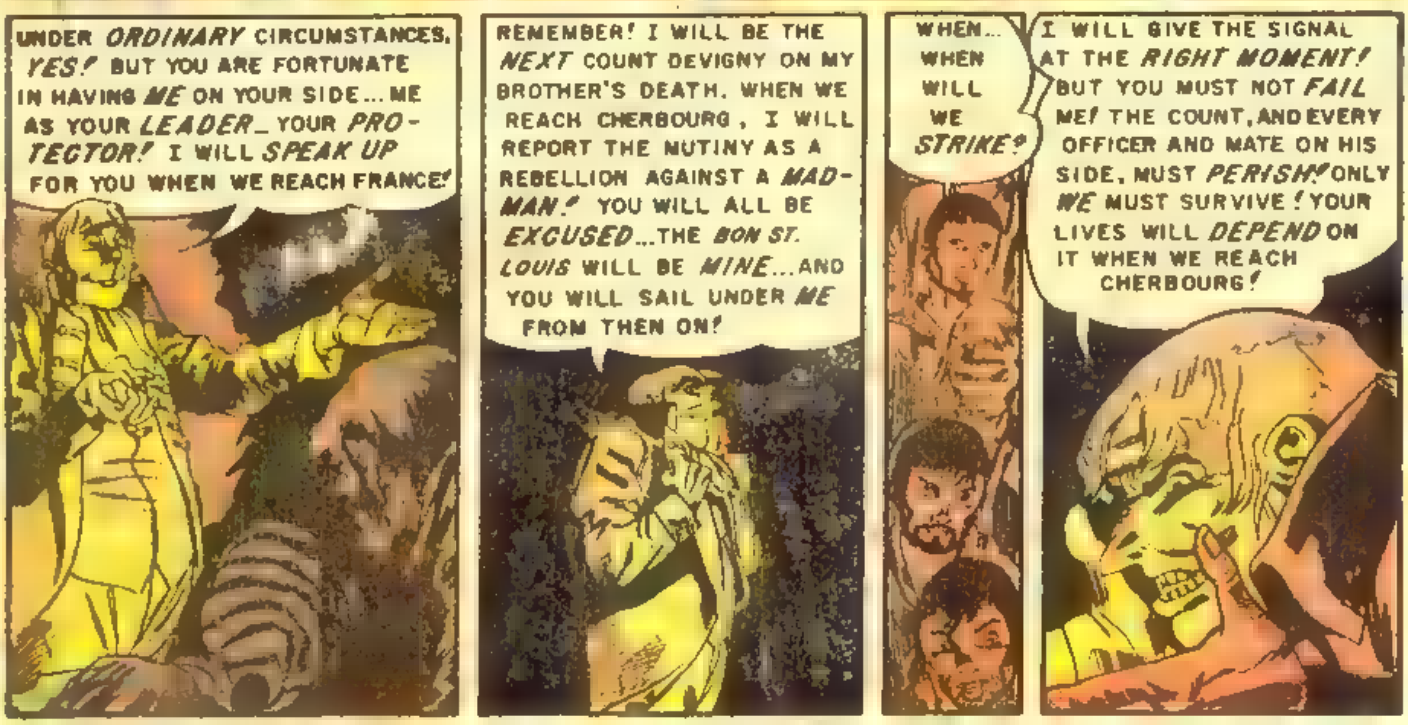
YOU'VE NEVER *LET* ME FORGET THAT, CHARLES! HOW LUCKY FOR YOU TO BE FIRST-BORN... HEIR TO THE DEVIGNY LANDS, TITLES, AND FORTUNES... WHILE I AM A PENNILESS NOTHING!

YOU MIGHT AT LEAST *CONCEAL* YOUR GREED AND ENVY FOR THE ADVANTAGES THAT ARE MINE BY INHERITANCE, EMILE! BUT, *NO!* SINCE YOU COULD *FIRST SPEAK*, YOU HAVE BLEATED YOUR *ENVY* OF ME!

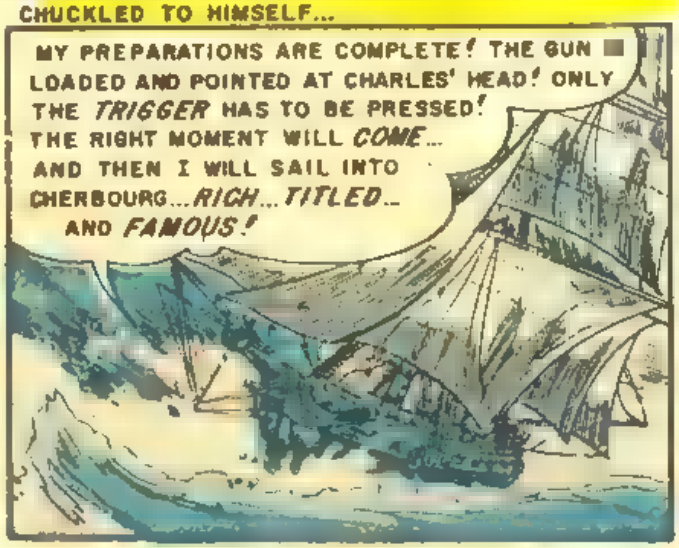
DO YOU *BLAME* ME, CHARLES? YOU ARE AN ENVIABLE CHARACTER! YOU HAVE AN ENVIABLE POSITION!

LOOK AT YOU! ABSOLUTE MONARCH OF ALL YOU SURVEY! THE RICHEST COUNT IN BRITTANY! WHAT HAVE YOU TO WORRY ABOUT?
YOU KNOW VERY WELL! THE MUTINOUS SITUATION ABOARD MY SHIP! THE SAME GROUNDSWELL THAT IS PLAGUING ALL FRANCE! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THE DANGERS. IT IS YOU WHO HAVE BEEN REPORTING THEM TO ME!
SO I HAVE! AND IF IT WERE NOT FOR MY SPYING IN THE FO'C'SLE, REPORTING EVERY PLOT, YOUR BRIG WOULD NOT BE FILLED WITH WOULD-BE MUTINEERS. VERY LIKELY, THE SHIP WOULD BE IN THEIR HANDS NOW, AND YOU'D BE FEEDING THE FISHES!
BUT WHAT IS THE GOOD OF YOUR SPYING AND MY REPRESSIONS WHEN THE CREW ONLY GETS MORE MUTINOUS?
THAT, MY DEAR BROTHER, BECAUSE YOU USE THE LASH INSTEAD OF THE SWORD ON THOSE VERMIN. BUTCHER A FEW! TERRORIZE THEM! TERROR IS WHAT THESE SWINE RESPECT! I'LL PICK OUT A FEW SACRIFICIAL OFFERINGS FOR YOU TONIGHT... THE MORE OUTSPOKEN OF THEM!
TELL ME ONE THING, EMILE. HOW DO YOU LIVE WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE AFTER BETRAYING THESE MEN?
CONSCIENCE, DEAR BROTHER? I HAVE NO CONSCIENCE! CONSCIENCE IS A BURDEN ON AN AMBITIOUS MAN! AND I AM AMBITIOUS. THE MORE SERVICE I RENDER UNTO YOU, THE MORE YOU WILL APPRECIATE ME... AND REWARD ME! EH?
HA!
UGH! YOU DISGUST ME, EMILE...
...PRETENDING TO THE CREW TO BE THEIR FRIEND... THEN STABBING THEM IN THE BACK! I SHOULD HATE TO HAVE YOU FOR AN ENEMY!
SO WOULD I, DEAR BROTHER! SO WOULD I! GOOD NIGHT!
THE FOOL! THE MISERABLE SNUFF-PINCHING FOOL! I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE MOMENT WHEN I CAN SEIZE HIS TITLES, HIS LANDS, HIS MONEY! AND THE TIME IS NEAR... VERY NEAR!
HA!
LATER THAT NIGHT... IN THE FO'C'SLE...
BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST! HE INTENDS TO SEIZE SOME OF YOU AND EXECUTE YOU! YES, FRIENDS... COLD-BLOODED MURDER... TO PUT YOU IN UTTER TERROR OF HIM!
B-BUT WHY? HAS HE GONE MAD? FURTHER TERROR WILL ONLY DRIVE US TO MUTINY!

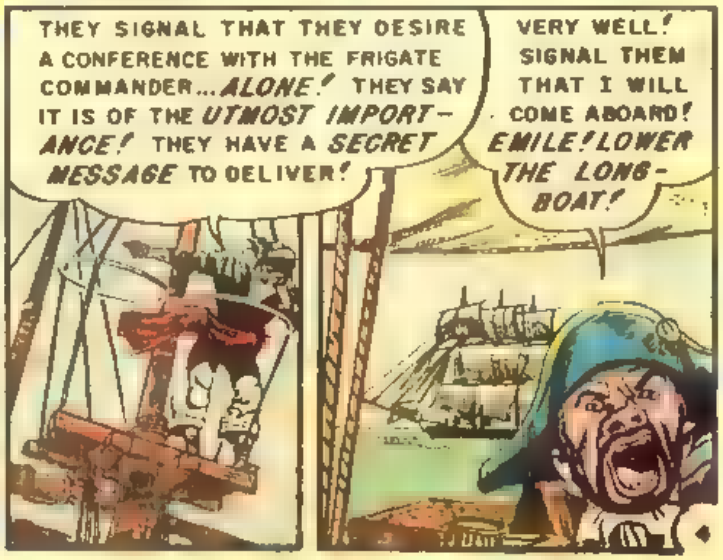




AND SO, AS THE *BON ST. LOUIS* KNIFED THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT SEA TOWARD FRANCE, EMILE DEVIGNY CHUCKLED TO HIMSELF...



THE FOLLOWING MORNING A FRENCH MERCHANTMAN WAS SIGHTED...



THE LONGBOAT WAS LOWERED AND COMMANDER DEVIGNY WAS ROWED TO THE MERCHANT SHIP...

I WILL GO ABOARD *ALONE!* THE *REST* OF YOU WILL *REMAIN* IN THE *LONGBOAT!*

AS YOU *WISH*, SIRE!

A HALF-HOUR LATER, COUNT DEVIGNY EMERGED FROM THE MERCHANT SHIP'S CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS. HIS FACE WAS GRIM...

HOW WILL YOUR CREW *LIKE* YOUR NEW ORDERS...TURNING BACK TO THE *NEW WORLD?*

THEY WILL *HAVE* TO LIKE IT! THEY HAVE NO *CHOICE!*

WHEN THE COUNT RETURNED TO THE *DON ST. LOUIS*, HE CALLED A MEETING OF HIS OFFICERS...

...*RETURN* TO *MARTINIQUE?!* BUT SIRE, WE JUST *CAME* FROM THERE! WE HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM FRANCE FOR *TWO YEARS!* NOW, TWO DAYS SAIL FROM CHERBOURG, WE MUST *RETURN* TO THE WEST INDIES? IT IS *MAD! CRUEL!* THE CREW WILL NOT *STAND* FOR IT!

THE CREW WILL *OBEY ORDERS!*

BUT THE CREW IS DISTURBED AS IT *IS!* WHEN THEY HEAR *THIS* NEWS, THEY MIGHT *REBEL*...

ANY REBELLION WILL BE PUT DOWN WITH *BLOODSHED!* ANY MUTINEER WILL BE SUMMARILY *EXECUTED!* IN FACT, AN *EXAMPLE* WILL BE SET THIS AFTERNOON! I HAVE SOME *NAMES* OF WOULD-BE MUTINEERS, EH, EMILE?

Y-YES, SIRE!

THAT AFTERNOON, THE CREW WAS SUMMONED ON DECK TO WATCH THE LATEST PUNISHMENT. TWO CREWMEN, ACCUSED OF PLOTTING MUTINY, WERE TO BE EXECUTED. BUT FIRST, THE COUNT MADE HIS ANNOUNCEMENT...

NO! NO! RETURN TO FRANCE!

WE HAVE BEEN AWAY *LONG ENOUGH!*

WE HAVE NOT SEEN OUR *FAMILIES* IN *TWO YEARS!*

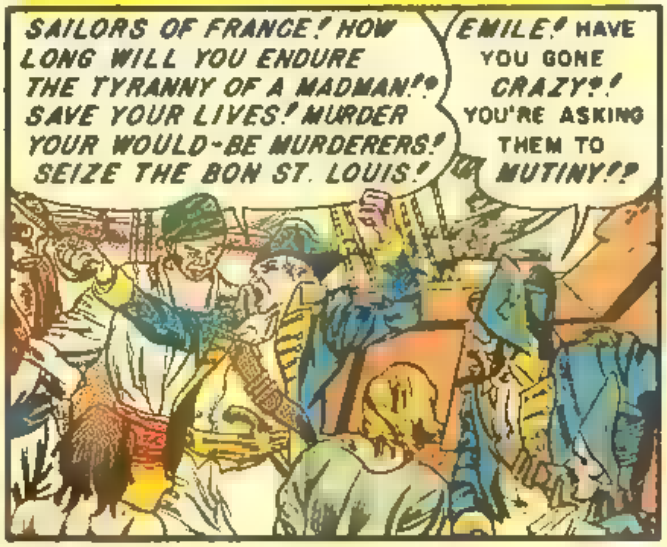
WE WILL *NOT* SAIL BACK TO MARTINIQUE!

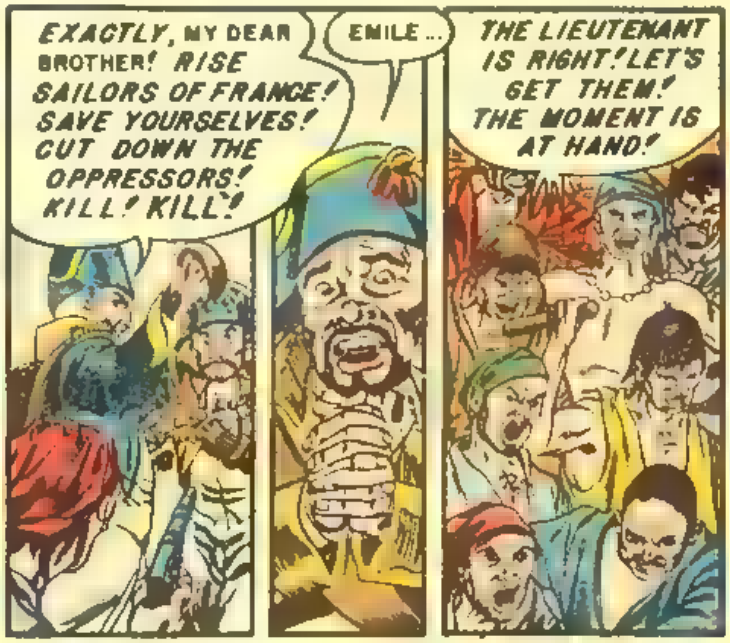
SHUT UP, YOU PIGS! YOU WILL *FOLLOW ORDERS!* YOU WILL *DO* AS YOU ARE *TOLD!*

AND AS FOR *TRAITORS*... FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT *WANT* TO FOLLOW ORDERS... *THIS* IS WHAT HAPPENS TO *THEM!* *KEELHAUL THEM!*

NO! NO! OH, LORD!

SUDDENLY, EMILE LEAPED FORWARD, PULLING HIS SWORD. THIS WAS THE MOMENT HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR...



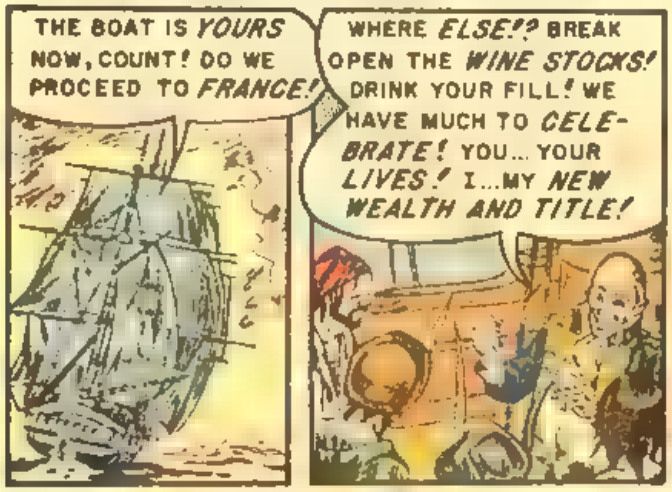


THE ENRAGED AND INCITED CREW STORMED THE QUARTER DECK, AS EMILE TURNED AND RAN AN OFFICER THROUGH...

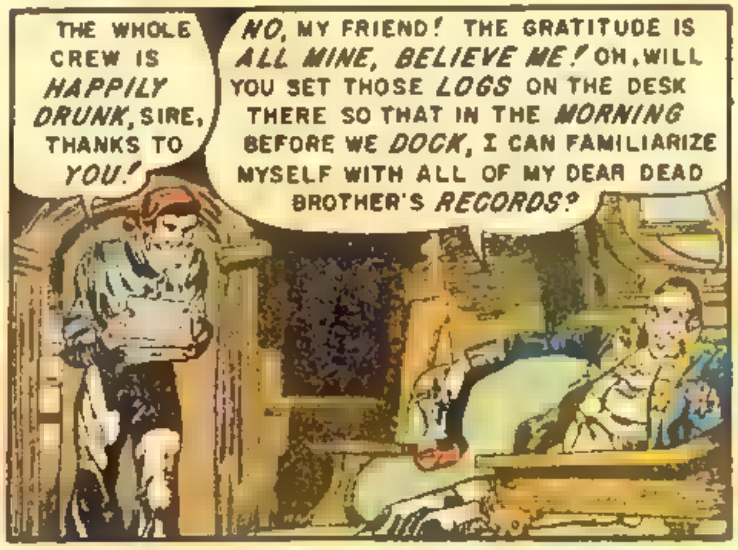
IN A MOMENT, THE DECK OF THE *BON ST. LOUIS* WAS A SCENE OF UTTER CONFUSION. MUSKETS WERE FIRED AT CLOSE RANGE, BLOWING FACES INTO RED SMEARS. CLUBS, SWORDS, DIRKS, BELAYING PINS AND BARE HANDS TORE AT FLESH, CRUSHED BONE, AND SPLATTERED BLOOD...

EMILE SCREAMED THEM ON, FIGHTING BLINDLY. FINALLY, HE STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH HIS BROTHER, THE COUNT, CHARLES. HE RAISED HIS PISTOLS...

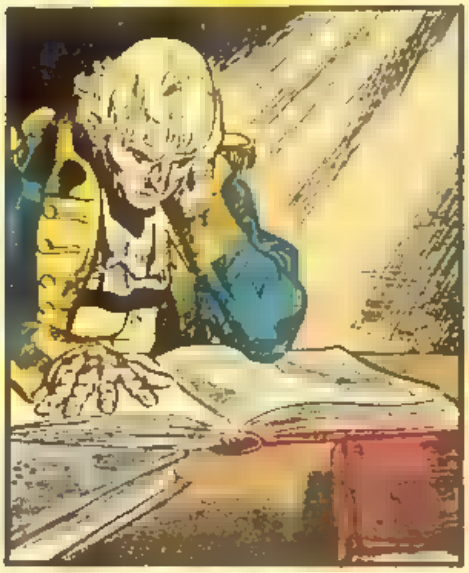
AN HOUR LATER, THE MUTINY WAS OVER. THE LAST BODY HAD BEEN CAST INTO THE SEA AND THE NEW COUNT DEVIGNY STOOD ON THE QUARTERDECK, IN COMMAND OF THE *BON ST. LOUIS*...



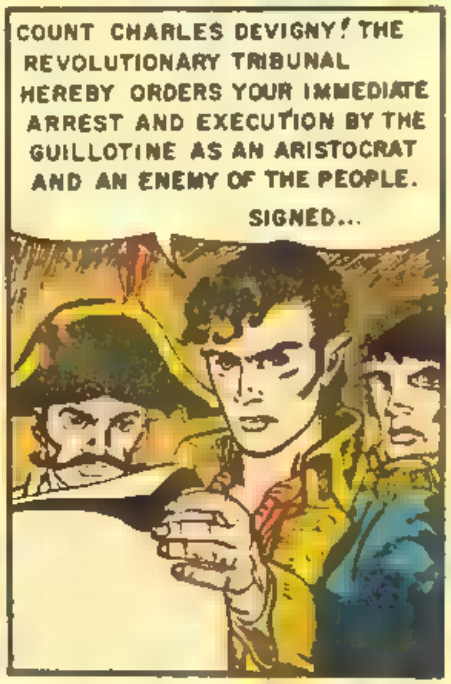
THAT NIGHT, BEFORE RETIRING, THE NEW COUNT HAD A VISITOR...

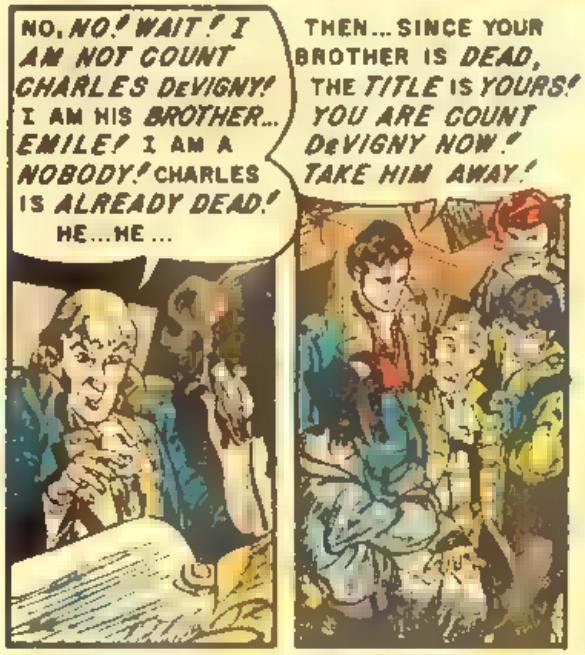


THE NEXT MORNING, AS THE CREW SANG HAPPILY ON DECK, EMILE PORED OVER THE LOGS...

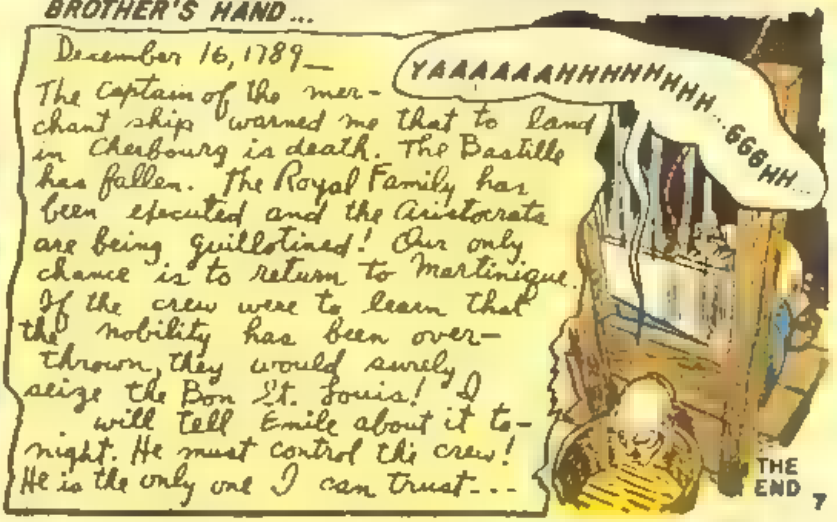


SUDDENLY...





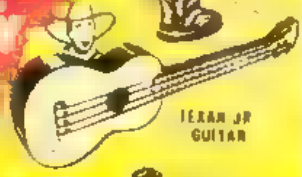
ALL THROUGH HIS TRIAL AND IMPRISONMENT, UP TO THE VERY INSTANT HE WENT UNDER THE RAZOR SHARP KNIFE OF THE GUILLOTINE, EMILE COULD SEE IT SO CLEARLY...THAT *VERY LAST ENTRY* IN THE *BON ST. LOUIS'* LOG...*IN HIS BROTHER'S HAND*...



MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

PRIZES GIVEN

MAKE MONEY TOO!



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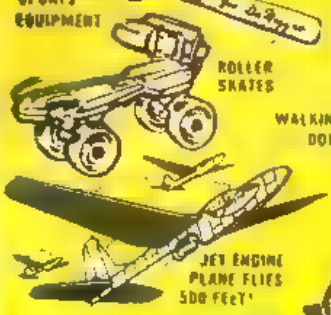

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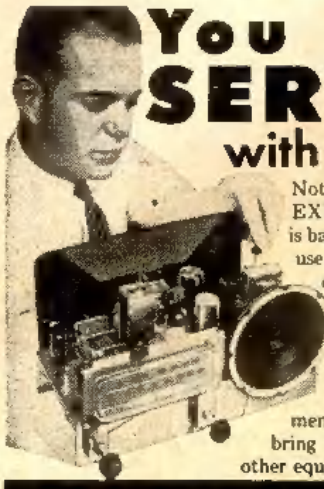

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12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll *feel* and *look* different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to lose or gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny cheated weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through *"Dynamic Tension"* you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—*"Dynamic Tension"* will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of *"Dynamic Tension"* almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And *you'll* be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what *"Dynamic Tension"* has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. *164N*, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."
—Henry Nevan, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"
—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now I weigh 170."
—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."
—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."
—J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. *164N*,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(*Check as many as you like*)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.